

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLIII.

JANUARY, 1854.

No. 1.

J O H N   B I G G S .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATTORNEY,' 'HARRY HARBON,' ETC.

## CHAPTER THIRD

JOHN went to his child's funeral ; but he was very quiet : and many who had seen the devotion with which he had watched him while alive, wondered at his calmness. They had expected a heavy out-break of grief ; but there was none. He lingered at the grave until the last sod was laid upon it ; and then he went away very quietly, though some said he tottered for a moment as he turned to go.

Harry Lindsey joined him as he went home, and quietly slid his hand in his. John started, and turned suddenly, as if he expected to find some one else at his side ; but he said nothing : and the boy, too, walked with him in silence. They did not part at the door, but went in together, and sat down by the fire. The room was very still ; the little hat and coat still hung on the peg against the wall, and all the marks of the former presence of the child were still there. John looked around wistfully, and then turned to the boy :

'You 'll miss little Tom, won't you ?' asked he, in a tremulous tone. 'He was very fond of you.'

Harry Lindsey sprang up, and, flinging himself in front of the blacksmith, leaned his head against his knee, and sobbed as if his heart would break. John's own heart was full ; and oh ! how grateful to him was the love which this child was showing to his own lost boy ! He could not speak ; but he raised him in his arms and pressed him to his heart ; and as the tears, which he vainly tried to keep back, filled his eyes, with his head bowed over him, he swore by the love which he had borne to his own child, to keep the promise he had made to Harry's father, at all hazard and at all cost.

They sat and talked of little Tom, of his ways, and of what he had said and done, and of how gay and patient he was in spite of all his pain, until they both grew quite cheerful : and now and then a smile

lighted up the face of John, as in dwelling on the past he forgot the present. As they talked, the sun went down, and night came on. Then the black-smith took Harry by the hand and accompanied him home. As he was parting with him, he said :

‘ You ’ll come and see me sometimes, Master Harry, won’t you ? ’

The boy sprang up and flung his arms about his neck :

‘ I will, John, I will. ’

The door closed on him, and John set out for home.

A week had passed, and John went to his work as usual ; but there was a stern gravity about him, as if he had encased his warmer feelings in iron, resolved to keep them down, although he had at times a weary, care-worn look. Morning, noon, and night, the clink of his hammer was heard. He never broke off from his work as heretofore. His neighbors, who usually assembled about the smithy, kept away, for they felt that beneath his grave exterior there was a great weight of mental sorrow ; and so he labored on by himself.

It was a quiet, golden day ; not a breath of wind rippled the water of the lake ; not a leaf rustled. The smoke of the forge ascended straight upward like a column of dark gray marble, until, high up in the sky, above the smithy, it spread out into a sombre canopy ; and there it hung. There was a glistening rime upon the leaves and branches of the trees which spoke of coming winter ; but the birds still twittered gaily, for their ice-clad enemy was not upon them yet.

John was busy at his work, too sad at heart to think of the brightness about him, but stern and resolved to bear his trouble with a manly spirit, and to fight the battle of life bravely. He was so intent upon his work that he did not observe a shadow as it darkened his door ; nor did he observe the owner of the shadow, who, after standing for a moment watching him, came in and stood within a few feet of him.

He was short and square-built, with light hair, and a bright, open, blue eye, which met your glance freely, fully, and frankly, and had withal such an honest expression that you might have sworn to his sincerity at once from his look alone. Although much younger than John, he was by no means young. He was roughly dressed in stout, strong apparel, and wore a felt hat, carelessly slouched over his face.

He stood some moments watching the smith, as if in doubt how to address him, and perhaps in the hope that John would observe him. But if such were the case he was disappointed, for the black-smith went on with his work, utterly unobservant of his presence.

At last he went up to him and took him by the hand. John started and looked up.

‘ Dick Bolles ! you here ? I ’m glad to see you, Dick ; indeed I am, ’ exclaimed he, laying down a heavy hammer which he held, and grasping the hand of the other in both of his own. ‘ It ’s kind of you, Dick. ’

The stranger shook his hands cordially.

‘ The world ’s gone hard with you, John, ’ said he, still holding his hand and looking earnestly in his face. ‘ I heard of it only yesterday. ’

‘ Yes, Dick, it has. ’

‘ And little Tom ? — ’ inquired the other.

He did not finish the sentence, but stood looking John full in the face.

John pointed to the place beneath the willows, where the child had used to lie.

‘He’s gone.’

Dick still held his hand, and looked inquiringly in his face ; and John, rightly interpreting the look, went on, speaking in a low, tremulous tone, and twisting a piece of iron in his hand as he spoke :

‘I knew that he must die ; I felt that it must be so ; that it could never have been intended that a little decrepit boy like he should grow to be a man ; he could n’t. But I always thought the time a great way off ; a very great way off——’

He paused and drew the back of his hand across his eyes, and twisted the piece of iron backward and forward with great rapidity, and then went on as before :

‘I did n’t wish to die and leave him here alone with no one to care for him. I did n’t wish that, but I hoped that somehow we might go together, and that I could have his little hand in mine even in the grave. It was foolish——’

John struggled with himself for a moment, then flung the iron on the floor, and, going to the forge, turned his back upon his friend and busied himself in raking up the fire. At last, turning to Bolles, and straightening himself up, he said :

‘It’s all right, Dick ; it’s but the course of nature. Children have died, and parents have sorrowed over them before this ; and time has fled, until they rested side by side ; and then they met again. It has been so before ; it is so now ; it will be so again as long as earth is earth and man is mortal. Grief is idle : I’m but fulfilling the great law.’

John spoke bravely. He held himself up erect, and looked his friend full in the face, as if to gain his approbation of the victory which cold reason was gaining over his heart ; but his words wanted the ring of the true metal.

Dick was a plain, uneducated man, with keen perceptions of right and wrong, and a blunt and open honesty of purpose which went straight to its object ; withal a kind and open heart, and had always looked up to the smith with respect and affection.

He saw the struggle of John to reason down the yearnings of nature, but he had no sympathy with such cold philosophy.

‘John,’ said he, ‘though you’re a black-smith you are a l’arned man, and I am not ; you have been abroad and seen the world and the sights that are in it, and I have not ; while you were getting wise, I was getting rusty, and perhaps behind the world ; I don’t say that I was n’t ; but this I do say, and this I’ll insist on, too,’ said he, placing his finger on the palm of his hand ; ‘if God gives us children, and gives us hearts to love them with, He *intends* us to love them. If He takes them away, and gives us hearts to grieve for them, He *intends* us to grieve for them. You might as well say when a man’s pleased he’s not to laugh, and when he’s hurt he’s not to holler. I believe in them all ; each in his proper place.’

Dick struck one hand against the open palm of the other, to drive his argument home and clinch it.

John stood some time looking on the ground, but he made no reply : and whether convinced by this argument or not, he did not say, but taking up a bar of iron he thrust it in the fire, and applying himself to the bellows, worked at it until the forge fairly roared. Dick stood looking on in silence ; at last he said :

‘ John, I came to take you home with me.’

John shook his head :

‘ I can’t go ; there’s another death coming soon.’

‘ At the House ?’ said the other, inquiringly.

‘ Ay ! and very soon. I may be wanted.’

‘ But after that, John, after that,’ urged the other, ‘ you’ll come then ?’

‘ Perhaps I may ; perhaps I may not ; I cannot tell,’ said John. ‘ I have kind friends here ; perhaps I’ll stay among them ; perhaps I’ll go abroad ; I’m very restless now. My movements hereafter will be guided by another. I’m quite adrift, Dick, quite adrift.’

Dick Bolles saw that to the black-smith every thing had assumed a sombre hue ; and so he sat down and spent the morning with him, and by conversing with him on other subjects, gradually drew his thoughts from dwelling upon himself ; and when he left him there was a smile upon his face which augured brighter hours.

Another week had flitted by. Death was on his rounds, and his gaunt shadow began to hover over the ‘ House.’ From day to day Mr. Lindsey’s life ebbed. From morning till night, and through the still, silent hours of darkness, when all were hushed in sleep except the solitary watcher at his bed-side, until the gray dawn of day changed to the blush of sun-rise, his struggling heart kept throbbing heavily on. Day after day the physician came and went ; he gave no prescription ; he left no directions, for man was powerless, and he felt that the great Conqueror was on his march, and silently watched him as one by one he sapped the foundations of life.

Strength had failed, and the sick man had taken to his bed. He knew that his disease was gaining ground. He had withstood its wear and tear with manly courage. He had struggled not to yield, not from any craven fear of death, or any wretched clinging to life for life’s sake, for he had learned to look with a steady eye into the dark abyss to which he was hastening ; and with his mind free and clear, and his senses calm and collected, he gathered in his energies to grapple with his fate, but he felt the chill of the dark shadow which overhung him.

The ‘ House’ grew dim and dreary ; and although the sun shone brightly over hill, and field, and wood-land, it did not dispel the gloom. The servants moved on tip-toe, and spoke in whispers, and constant watch was kept on the door of the sick man’s room.

The bell rang furiously, and word was sent for John Biggs. Mr. Lindsey was sinking rapidly, and wished to see him. As fast as man and horse could travel, the message went ; and almost as soon, the grave sad face of the smith was seen at the door of the House. He was told to go up at once, for there was no time to waste : moments were of more worth than gold now.

Robust, gigantic, a personification of strength and sinew, of rugged,

stalwart, iron life, he entered the sick-chamber, himself and all about him a type of earth, except the light which beamed like an emanation from heaven in his honest eyes. Mr. Lindsey was bolstered up in bed, his temples sunken, his eyes deep-set and glassy, and his fingers thin and long. By him stood his child, and at the bed-side sat a nurse. He beckoned John to him: he paused to gather strength, then fixed his earnest eyes on John.

‘So little Tom is gone?’

The color deepened in John’s cheek, and he looked upon the floor.

‘He is.’

Again a pause to gather in his breath.

‘My sand is running fast, John: I shall soon be with him.’

The black-smith compressed his lips, but did not speak.

Mr. Lindsey took John’s hand in his and placed it on the head of his boy. He half rose from the pillow which supported him. His words were calm and deliberate, and strong Will was struggling with Fate as he spoke.

‘I’ve sent for you again, John, before I die, to remind you of your promise.’

‘There is no need, Sir,’ replied John; ‘I’ll never forget it, never!’

‘I thank you,’ replied Mr. Lindsey. ‘It’s a heavy responsibility that you have taken upon you.’

‘I know it is, Sir,’ said the smith, earnestly; ‘but I trust in God to give me strength to bear it.’

‘That’s right, John; and if ever in the future your resolution fail, or my boy should weary out your patience with waywardness or perseverance in wrong, when friends have fallen off, and the world turns its back upon him, do you look back through the dim past to this hour and to me; and when you do so, forgive him, and shelter and protect him, for then he’ll want a friend the most.’

It was a fearful effort to speak those slow, earnest words; to battle with the enemy which was griping at his heart; but he kept it down until he heard John’s answer.

‘I will.’

And then he sank heavily back, the light faded from his eye, and he spoke no more, but left John standing with his hand upon the child’s head.

John waited to hear if he had any thing more to say, but he did not speak, nor seem to notice him; and John stole out of the room, and took his station in the hall below.

Word soon came that Mr. Lindsey was sinking fast. The members of the household gathered near the door. It soon was said that he noticed no one; and several of the older ones who had lived with him from childhood, and had grown old and gray, and decrepit in his service, went in and drew back in the dark corners of the room, watching the ebbing of his life.

John still remained in the hall, watching the faces of those who passed him, and ready to go up if he should be called again. Once or twice, as the door of the room was opened, he thought he heard the dying man’s voice, but it was fancy: he was not sent for again.

The shadows of evening were coming on, and the window-curtains in the room were opened, and the old man with his filmy eye gazed out through the window and over the distant landscape. Hill and valley, meadow and forest, were spread before him. The scenes of his boyhood, manhood, and age — what dreams of the past were gathered about them, and what silent memories were crowding through that clogging brain! The shadows of evening are deepening; more dull and heavy is the beating of his heart. The twilight is darkening; the dull, filmy eye still looks out, but not upon the landscape, for it seems to stretch beyond it, and to gaze into the far-off distant sky. Still the struggling heart is striving laboriously and hard to retain its hold on life. The twilight has darkened almost into night, and still the dim eye looks out. Was that a cloud that swept across the sky, and flung its shadow over the face of the dying man? Bring lights, for it is dark, dark indeed; the darkness of the valley of shadows has flung its pall over the place: the struggle is past, and that strong heart is conquered, and at rest for ever!

John Biggs left the House, and went along the road which led to his home: but oh! how vividly rose up in his memory the past images of those days when first he had met him who had now gone from earth for ever! He recollected a crushed and broken-down man, seated in a miserable, ill-furnished room, with his head resting between his hands, almost ready to follow the counsel given to the patriarch of old, 'Curse God and die.' He remembered, too, a patient, loving face at his side, watching his look with anxious eyes, and breathing hope in tones which soothed him like an angel's whisper, and as it looked upward, bade him trust in God. And he remembered well how he had struggled hard to obey; but how difficult it was, when he saw her day by day fading at his side, and his sickly child growing wan and decrepit even in his cradle, to silence the murmurs which rose to his lips, to look through the dark vista before him, where there was no gleam of light, and yet hope on when hope seemed dead.

But the dawn came at last; a kind hand was stretched out to save him; the means of labor were placed within his reach; labor reaped its proper harvest, and the whisperings of hope became realities.

But where was she who had cheered him on, and with strong love had supported his sinking heart? She was sleeping with her dark lashes fringing her closed lids, her pale hands crossed upon her breast, and her face white as the fresh-fallen snow. He remembered it well. She was sleeping, never again to wake on earth, and he was to journey through life alone. Tears filled the eyes of the rugged man, but memory had not done its work yet; for still amid the dim past sprang up another form, a feeble, patient child, stretching its arms to him for succor and for love.

'Tom! Tom! my own little child!' muttered the black-smith, burying his face in his hands, and struggling hard to choke down the tears which rose; 'are we never to meet again on earth?'

'The dead rise not again here.'

It was the very hour and the very spot at which he had uttered those words, 'The dead rise not again here.' But did he dream, or

was his fancy running wild with him? Were the strong yearnings of his heart affecting his reason? Was the dim outline which stood in the path before him, and with its little finger pointing upward, that of his child? Could he mistake that patient, loving face?

John bowed his head as he whispered:

'Tom, my own child, why art thou here?'

'Father,' replied a voice which he well knew, 'I am thy spirit-guide through life. Even as thou on earth guidedst me and leddest me on in the path toward heaven, so am I now with thee.'

John bent his head to the earth, in reverence to the little being whom he had loved and carried in his arms.

'Tom, my own dear child of earth — angel of heaven now — I'll do as you bid me.'

The child smiled, and pointed upward; and through the trees John looked up and saw the stars shining brightly in the sky, and amid them all, a planet looking down on earth, glorious and beautiful, and toward it the small hand pointed.

'There,' said he.

'Ay,' said John, 'there, little Tom, never to part; wait for me there, my own little angel-child, and by God's help, and for the love of thee, I'll struggle on till we meet again.'

He turned, but the child was gone. The same bright star was shining from the sky; and as the old man turned his tear-dimmed eyes upward, he fancied that he saw kind faces looking down at him, and beckoning him onward; and he thought he heard, in gentle tones, a voice uttered from the sky, 'Remember Harry Lindsey.'

'Ay, he's the tie which binds me to earth and heaven!' muttered the old man.

In all the hours of his after life, when troubles thickened about his path, and man and fate seemed all against him, John never forgot that hour. Whether it was a vision or a reality, it mattered not; amid all, the child-guardian from on high was ever with him to cheer him on, for ever pointing to that bright star, the promised land of their future meeting. Oh! with what humble love and reverence did he treasure up the hope and feeling that his boy was always at his side; and with what a strange mingling of parental love and child-like trust did he repose upon his promise to protect and guide him on his troubled way!

#### S O U L .

The breath of God: a being caught  
From Being's source, eternal thought,  
And with this dust minutely wrought:

A harp for angel-fingers strung,  
While colder hands are o'er it flung,  
And only broken strains are sung:

A land-bird on a stormy deep,  
Where winds o'er billows wildly sweep,  
And weary pinions may not sleep:

A captive at the oar of doom,  
And toiling through the deepening gloom,  
And yearning, yearning for his home!



## L I N E S : F A D I N G .

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

FADING! fading! Fine and fresh their color  
 When with Fancy's touches all a-glow ;  
 Now, alas! each day the tints grow duller ;  
 Heart! O heart! be strong, and let them go.

Fading! fading! Such are always fleeting ;  
 Fair when first upon the canvas spread,  
 But with quick decay too early meeting,  
 Turn to dust, and soon are worse than dead.

Fading! fading! Fools are we to paint them!  
 Thus we fool ourselves from day to day ;  
 Slightest things will soon suffice to taint them ;  
 Soon they pale, and melt in mist away.

Dreaming! dreaming! Oh! how bright and gaily  
 Shone our dreams in boyhood's summer sun!  
 Now they all grow dim, and darken daily,  
 Dim and dark before the day is done.

Dreaming! dreaming! Heart! how very vainly,  
 Worse than vainly, thou hast wasted youth :  
 Look about, and live a little sanely ;  
 Do not shrink before the naked truth.

Dreaming! dreaming! Heart! have done with dreaming!  
 Sober sense has shown thee thou wast wrong ;  
 Truth, plain truth, destroys all shadowy seeming ;  
 Stiffen up thy sinews, and be strong!

Day-light! day-light! strangely hast thou lighted  
 All the dark recesses of my heart ;  
 But a thousand fairy dreams thou'st frightened ;  
 Hard it is to see them all depart.

Day-light! day-light! sternly and severely  
 Show'st thou every stain and speck of dust ;  
 Show'st the treasures which are cherished dearly,  
 Touched by time, and marred by moth and rust.

Day-light! day-light! I will thank thee for it ;  
 And when age has filled my face with seams,  
 Tell myself how bravely well I bore it,  
 When, so soon! thou shov'st away my dreams.

Fading! fading! Well may hearts be weary  
 When their dreams have thus grown old and died.  
 Oh! this glare of day is very dreary,  
 Not a corner left wherein to hide!

Fading! fading! Why not, then, forget them?  
 Surely we have fooled ourselves enough :  
 Fading? fading? If they will, then *let* them!  
 Truth's a plainer path, though rather rough.

Cambridge, Mass.



## LETTERS FROM POPLAR HILL.

## LETTER SECOND.

*Poplar Hill, July 18—.*

DEAR EMILY: By the address you will probably understand that I am at home; that only two miles of green fields and blue skies lie between our divided hearts, if you care to know that fact. Yes, I am at home at last, and to prevent a fit of tears, the effect of disappointment and fatigue, I have taken my pen to vent my spleen in a more harmless manner.

The partings of yesterday, the anxiety and weariness of to-day, have quite depressed my usual spirits; and now that I am alone in my own room, and all but myself and the stars are sleeping, I can scarcely resist the desire to fly to you, Emily, and pour all my griefs into your ear.

We left school yesterday morning, father and I, and took the cars for Grassmere. Father was sick on the way, and we were obliged to stop in Hempstead over night. The examination passed off well. The girls acquitted themselves admirably, and did honor, the President told us, to the institution. To my surprise, I received the first premium in composition; and I must say I do not estimate very highly the discrimination of the Committee. Ellen Summers wrote an exquisite allegory, abounding in metaphors and comparisons; I think she deserved the prize. The girls sent many kisses to you, which, by the by, I am not to deliver until I see you.

I expected to return to these dear scenes of childhood unchanged; and it was not *my* eyes, Emily, oh no! not *mine*, wherein the shadow lurked. How I have loved every inch of this old homestead; and how sensitively is every association treasured in my heart! When the carriage drove through the great gate, past the sentinel poplars, and I leaned from the window to take in at a glance the dear old place, not a thing seemed changed, except perhaps that the early grape-vine over the piazza was grown more luxuriant. But when I entered, the whole appearance of the place chilled me to the heart.

Margaret and Elfie met us on the steps, and to the question 'Where is Emily?' I was told you were not here, and had sent no word. I learned, too, that Agnes had been indisposed for some days, and therefore had not ventured out, but would send the carriage for me to-morrow. The mistiness at my heart dimmed my eyes, for I saw nothing until two warm arms were around my neck, and two warmer lips upon my own, and 'It is Margaret, Bertha; don't you remember sister Margaret?' sounded in my ears. How I thanked HEAVEN for those kisses and those words! Then Margaret drew Elfie toward me, and I kissed her, making her call me 'sister Bertha;' and her large inquiring eyes followed me as we entered the house. Margaret is like, very like Aunt Mary. Her voice has all the sweetness of hers, and her eye the depth; her every movement recalls to me what I have loved and lost. Elfie's

manner and countenance are so varied at times that she will be a study to me.

We went into the parlor, which looked dismal indeed, for the blinds were almost closed, and the summer twilight came in sadly. The furniture was placed stiffly around the apartments, and the twelve years since I was a six-year-old, were condensed in one agonizing moment, for there my poor mamma had lain, clad in the habiliments of the grave!

We stood some moments without speaking, and then father came and told us mother was not dressed, and I had better prepare for supper; he would send up my trunks immediately. We went up together, Margaret, Elfie, and I; and at the foot of the stairs we met an old friend in whose company I have enjoyed many golden dreams, namely, the family coat-of-arms. Its dear old features were unaltered, and I believed the honor of my home was as unsullied as those colors.

'That is the Ellicott coat-of-arms; it came from Scotland,' said Elfie, seeing me lift my eyes to the painting, and desiring to make me acquainted with all around me.

'I guess Bertha saw that before she saw you,' replied Margaret, shortly.

We were already at the door of my room, and there was no opportunity for farther remark. The east room had been appropriated to me, and I was only too happy that it was so. The same heavy old furniture graced the apartment, unrelieved by ornament or drapery, yet some fresh flowers on the table near the window brightened it in a moment for me; perhaps the view beyond of green fields, hills and wood-lands, intersected by a road dim in the gathering twilight, added not a little to the satisfaction of that moment. You may be sure I had not a few questions to ask, and received not a little information. Margaret tells me you have expected your brother Harold every day this week, and she thinks his coming may have detained you at home. I sincerely hope you have as good a reason; but I cannot quite forgive him for coming now, when I want you to come to me often, for I remember years ago he quite monopolized you.

The little fingers that assisted me in completing my toilet, tarried not until I was rendered presentable; and leaving my room not unbecomingly disordered by my unpacked clothes, we went down stairs with linked arms and pleasant chatting. At the door of the china-closet down stairs, we met mother. And oh! Emily, she is not altered in the least! She may be thinner, if that were possible, and her short black curls a trifle blacker, but her general appearance is the same. How many of childhood's visions that form awakened; so many that for a moment I was only aware of the presence of 'book-muslin and musk.' She did not seem to see us, until we were close beside her; and Elfie said:

'Mother, here is Bertha.' Then she turned, and her stern features brightened into a cordial smile, as, shaking me by the hand, she said: 'Oh, is it *you*? how you have grown! I should n't have known you.' And then turned again to the closet and added: 'We did not expect you so soon; the cars came in earlier, I suppose.'

I replied that we had not been detained as we feared, yet I was very tired, and feared father was even more so.

'Yes,' she said, 'he told me he had not passed so uncomfortable a week in a long time.'

She added something about city fatigues, and the like, but I heard nothing more, for all the blood in my veins seemed accumulated in my face; my eyes burnt in their sockets, and no words came to express the anger I felt.

'He told me he had not passed so uncomfortable a week in a long time!' rang in my ears as Margaret led me across the hall to the north piazza, and with womanly consideration directed my attention to many familiar and loved objects. Elsie had left us a moment before, so I asked Margaret to go with me to the cherry-trees, which, you know, stand about a hundred yards from the piazza. She seemed surprised at the request, but did not hesitate, and we stepped out into the already deepening twilight. Not a word passed between us as we passed over the ground scattering the dew-drops, and crushing the tender grass; not unlike, methought, the ruthless manner that a moment before had chilled the fresh emotions of my own heart. When we reached the cherry-trees I breathed more freely, and sinking down on the bed of myrtle at their roots, I exclaimed: 'Oh! I am sure I would rest better here than under that roof to-night!' My manner alarmed Margaret, for she begged me to get up and come back; it was getting damp, and I would take cold. Not heeding her, I asked whether the myrtle was in bloom, and then corrected myself by saying that was impossible, for the latest flowers lived only until June, and July had nearly passed.

'Why did you ask?' said Margaret.

'Because I wanted a flower to put in my hair; mother, when a young wife, always dressed her hair in the spring with these; and I fancied father' —

But I could not finish the sentence; and when Margaret took my hand and led me to the house, I did not remonstrate. When we reached the house, we met Elsie coming to summon us to supper, and we all went in together.

Mother treated me with exceeding politeness the remainder of the evening, but father and the children retired early, and I soon after found my way to my own room. For more than an hour I have leaned from the window, listening to the sad melody of the crickets, and the dirge of the frog in the stream at the foot of the hill. And I did not forget that this star-lit sky bends over Aunt Mary's grave in the cemetery at Beechnuts, and the wail of the distant Niagara alone breaks the solemn stillness. Dear Aunt Mary! her remembered voice comes to me in this silent hour with its accustomed blessing, and I fervently entreat HEAVEN to make me deserving of it!

It is very late, dear Emily, and I must write no longer. Father sends the gardener to Beverley to-morrow morning, and you will get this letter early. You will come to me to-morrow, dearest, but I shall not ask for a sight of you — 'for if love does not bring you, let not my letter.'

Good night.

BERTHA ELLICOTT.

## T H E   F O R S A K E N .

## A   V E R Y   D I S M A L   B A L L A D .

BY J. R. OTIS.

SOME time ago,  
 A fickle beau,  
     With winning word and look,  
 And smile so bright,  
 Came every night  
     A-courting of our cook.

He gave her rings  
 And pretty things  
     To deck her auburn hair;  
 And dresses, too,  
 Of gingham new,  
     And breast-pin big to wear.

He won her heart  
 With cunning art,  
     And breathed a lover's vows;  
 He spoke with pride  
 Of such a bride  
     A-milking of his cows.

He talked of love  
 And stars above,  
     (Such things as poets utter;)  
 And gown of silk  
 From sale of milk,  
     Of new-laid eggs and butter.

A year has gone,  
 And so has JOHN!  
     Our hapless cook forsaking.  
 Oh! fickle man!  
 He left his ANN,  
     And her lone heart is breaking.

With aching head  
 She mixed her bread  
     And thought of other days;  
 Then frantic strove  
 To reach the stove,  
     And put it there to 'raise.'

With look of woe  
 Fixed on the dough,  
     One curse she gave to men;  
 Then face of ANN  
 Was in the pan;  
     She never breathed again!

*Boston.*

## MOULTS FROM THE WING OF A WHITE BLACK-BIRD.

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 FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.
 

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## FEATHER FOUR.

THE melancholy effect produced by my voice, afflicted me very much. I turned my course toward Paris, saying, as I went: 'Alas! for music and for poetry, how rare, in this world, are the hearts responsive to their chords!' And as I made this reflection, I came with my head bump against that of another bird, who was flying in the opposite direction. The shock was so violent and unexpected, that we both tumbled into the top of a tree, which happened, luckily, to be just beneath us.

When I had shaken myself, I looked at the stranger with unpleasant misgivings as to the possibility of having to do battle with him. To my surprise, he was quite white. His head, which was a trifle bigger than the whole of my body, was adorned with a plume of feathers, which gave him a rather melo-dramatic air; and he cocked his tail at an angle expressive of great self-respect. He did not seem in the least disposed to be quarrelsome; and so we approached each other politely, and, having mutually apologized for the awkward accident, we entered into conversation. I asked him his name, and of what country he was.

'I am surprised,' said he, 'that you should not have recognized me; you're one of us, aren't you?'

'In good faith, Sir,' answered I, 'I don't know what I am; every body I meet asks me the same question, and makes the same remarks. I think it must be done for a bet.'

'You're joking,' rejoined he; 'your garb becomes you too well to permit the possibility of a mistake. You belong, Sir, incontestably, to the ancient and illustrious family called in Latin *Cacuato*, and in the language of philosophers, *Kacatoës*, but better known in the vernacular as *Cockatoos*.'

'Sir,' exclaimed I, 'I feel highly honored by being thus classed. But what do these good folks do?'

'Nothing; and they are paid for doing it.'

'In that case, I am doubly willing to believe myself one of them. Nevertheless, consider me, for the present, a stranger, and be so good as to inform me who it is to whom I have the honor of speaking.'

'I,' answered the stranger, 'am the celebrated poet *Kacatogan*. Far I have wandered o'er mountain and plain, o'er the yellow desert and the blue-billowed main, but ocean, nor desert, nor tempest, nor time, have quenched my fire nor withered my rhyme. I've warbled a strain to the Bourbon race, chanting their praises with beaming face; with the loudest lift of my boldest song, I've helped the Republic to limp along; nor did I leave Napoleon the first, without of my lyre a glorious burst; but a poet (if paid for it) should shew discretion, so I kept a stave for the Restoration; and now I struggle with zeal unvarying, to

render my muse utilitarian. Deluged the gasping world have I, with floods from the source of poesie ; epic and lyric and classic ode, tragic and comic alike have flowed, with serious drama and light vaudeville, from the teeming tube of my fertile quill ; and late I roved through the seventh heaven, seeking a poem in cantos seven, when you broke my head and reverie, and down I tumbled into this tree ; stranger, your servant consider me.'

'Indeed, Sir,' rejoined I, 'you can do me a great service, for never was any body in a worse dilemma than I am at the present moment. It would, perhaps, be too much for me to say that I am a poet ; or, at least, to class myself with such lyrists as you,' added I, with a low bow ; 'but nature has gifted me with a musical voice, which I feel a strong impulse to make use of whenever I happen to be deeply affected either by joy or by grief. To tell you the truth, however, I am utterly ignorant of the rules of art.'

'And I,' said the great Kacatogan, 'have utterly forgotten them Trouble not thy spirit with such trifles.'

'But the worst of it,' continued I, 'is the melancholy effect produced by my voice upon all who hear it ; an effect which I cannot describe, but which you can, perhaps, imagine.'

'I should think I could,' said the poet, with a bitter laugh, 'for it's no less strange than true that I have frequently produced the very same effect myself. The cause I cannot pretend to account for ; but as to the effect, there can be no mistake whatever about *that*.'

'Then, Sir, to you, the father of poetry, I appeal, imploring you to impart to me the secret by which so terrible an effect may be counteracted.'

'None such have I,' said Kacatogan, 'nor could I ever discover one. Affliction sore long time I bore when I was young and green, in consequence of the marks of popular disapprobation with which my best efforts were oft-times greeted. What care I about such now ? Know I not that if there were no other poems in the world but mine, the public would be quite satisfied with them ?'

'Doubtless they would. But you must allow that it is hard one's best intentions cannot be practically developed without spreading panic through the ranks of one's friends. Pray let me give you a specimen of my powers, and then favor me with your candid opinion on the subject.'

'With the greatest pleasure,' said Kacatogan ; 'I am all ears for you.'

I told out a few staves of my song, and was delighted to find that the great Kacatogan neither flew away nor fell asleep. On the contrary, he regarded me with great apparent attention, occasionally nodding his head, with a low murmur which I took to be expressive of approbation. But, alas ! I soon perceived that so far from listening to me, he was thinking of nothing but his poem in seven cantos ; for, suddenly, as I paused for an effect, he croaked out in a polyglot of excitement :

'Heureka ! heureka ! I have found the rhyme for it at last ! Doxa en hupsistois ! They may say I'm in my dotage, O profanum vulgus !

but, nevertheless, there goes rhyme number sixty thousand seven hundred and fourteen, and I defy them to say it's not as good as number one! Away where the aspens quiver, down by the flowing river! thither rush I to read it to my expectant friends.'

And with that he rose on his short wings, and flapped rapidly away, leaving me and my song as if he had never seen the one or heard the other.

## FEATHER FIVE.

ALONE, and disgusted, I thought the best thing I could do was to make the most of the afternoon, and fly with all speed toward Paris. But, unluckily, I had a very indistinct idea of the route; for, my journey with the carrier was of too rapid and harassing a nature to permit of my making any notes of localities; so that, instead of going to the right, I turned to the left at Bourget, and flew straight on until night overtook me, when I was forced to seek a lodging in the wood of Mortfontaine.

When I arrived there, the inhabitants were all going to rest. The magpies and jays, notoriously the most restless of birds, were squabbling away in every direction. In some thick bushes twittered a host of sparrows, trampling and jostling each other unceremoniously; and on the borders of a pond marched two stately herons, balancing themselves upon their tall stilts in silent contemplation.

Immense ravens, already half asleep, pitched heavily upon the topmost branches of the tallest trees, snoring lazily as they droned forth their drowsy vespers.

Lower down, the amorous titmice still chased each other through the brush-wood; and a well-whiskered green wood-pecker might be seen pushing his family with great care into the hollow of an old tree.

A detachment of finches came from the field, wavering through the air like a cloud of smoke, and falling upon a bush, they covered it completely; whilst the linnets, the chaffinches, and the robins, grouped upon the slender branches that cut out sharp against the evening sky, swung there amidst the tracery like the crystal-drops of some mighty chandelier.

And a Babel of small voices went through the forest, in which I could plainly distinguish such addresses as:

'Where are you, Linotte?'

'Here, love, here!'

'Is Mr. Finch come in yet?'

'Come to roost, Robin.'

'Call me early in the morning.'

'Good-night, sweet-heart!'

'Rest thee, my titmice.'

'Blow out that glow-worm!'

'Farewell, my finches.'

What an alternative for an unfortunate bachelor, to be obliged to seek refuge in such a hostelry as that!

I looked around for some birds of about my own size, within whose family-circle I might seek a shelter; 'for,' thought I, 'all birds appear



much of one color at night ; and beside, after all, it will be hardly imposing too much on their hospitality to claim the privilege of being allowed to occupy the same branch with them.

First, I approached some starlings, who were encamped near a ditch ; they were making themselves up for the night with great care, and I observed that most of them had gold-spangled wings and varnished feet. They were evidently the exquisites of the wood-side, and might, for all I knew, have been very good fellows in their way ; but they did not honor me with the slightest notice ; and their conversation was so rapid, and their demeanor so disgustingly foppish, that I was glad to get away from them.

I next perched upon a bough where several birds of different species were arraying themselves. Hoping that they would, at least, endure my presence, I meekly placed myself at the extreme end of a branch ; but, with my usual ill-luck, my next neighbor happened to be an old hen-pigeon, as dry as a rusty weather-cock. Just as I arrived, the old creature was pretending to trim out the few miserable feathers that were still scattered over her angular anatomy ; but she took good care not to pull one of them out. Perhaps she was only counting them ; but, at all events, the moment I came within wing's length of her, she drew herself up majestically, and said, pursing up her old bill : ' What are you about, Sir ? ' and following up her words with gestures, she elbowed me off the branch with a jerk of exceeding force and sharpness.

I fell into a thicket, in which a fat old pheasantess was cultivating balmy sleep. She was so full, and so round, and so well feathered out, that even my mother, in her palmiest pride of incubation, was nothing to her ; and so, not wishing to throw away my chance of such a feather-bed, I crept stealthily under her wing, thinking that such a comfortable old god-mother must surely be of a benevolent turn. Perhaps she was, but all I got from her was, ' Get out of that, you young jackanapes, and don't bother me with any of your tricks ! '

Just then, some birds called out to me. They were thrushes, and made signs to me to join them in the top of a service-tree. ' Friends at last ? ' thought I, as I went to them, dropping lightly into the middle of the circle, like a love-letter into a muff ; but I soon perceived that these excellent people had been indulging to excess in grapes, for they could hardly keep their seats upon the branches ; and their wild laughter and boisterous songs soon drove me to seek an asylum elsewhere.

Despondent and weary, I was looking for a solitary corner to rest in, when, suddenly, a nightingale began to sing. In a moment, all was hushed, save the melting strains of that bewitching voice, which, so far from disturbing the denizens of the forest, seemed to lull them to repose. No body bid *him* hold his tongue ; no body abused *him* for singing at such a time of night ; nor did his father kick him out, nor his friends flee from him.

' To me alone,' cried I, ' is happiness denied ! Let me go ; let me fly from this cruel world ; better to seek my way in the dark, even at the risk of being devoured by some hungry owl, than to remain here, and be blighted with the sight of felicity in which I cannot participate ! '

With these thoughts, I took once more to the route, and wandered about blindly for some hours. As day broke, however, I descried the towers of Notre-Dame. Soon I alighted on them; and beholding from thence my dear native garden, I flew toward it as fast as my wearied wings would carry me. Alas! the garden was deserted! In vain I called upon my parents; there was no body to answer me. The tree where my father sang; the thicket where my mother nestled, they were all gone — all.

The axe had been there; and in place of the green alley where I was born, there was nothing but a pile of fire-wood.

## FEATHER SIX.

I SEARCHED for my parents through all the neighboring gardens; but in vain. They had emigrated, doubtless, to some distant region, and I never heard of them again.

Subdued and prostrated by my misfortunes, I took up my abode upon the gutter to which I had been driven by the first out-burst of paternal wrath — the dreary house-top from whence I had taken my last look at the old homestead. There I passed many days and nights in mournful lamentations, until, from want of rest and of sustenance, I had come nearly to the point of death.

One morning, my usual melancholy train of thought found vent in a lamentation of somewhat logical arrangement. 'So,' said I, 'I'm clearly not a black-bird, or my fond parent would not have plucked me; nor a carrier-pigeon, or I would not have given in as I did upon the route to Brussels; nor a magpie, or the little mag I met in the wheat-field would not have shut her ears the moment I opened my bill; nor a turtle-dove, or Gourouli, the amiable Gourouli, would *never* have snored such an accompaniment to my song; nor a cockatoo, or the great Kacatogan would have condescended to hear me, which he did n't; nor, in fact, a bird of any known tribe, or I should not have been neglected as I was in the wood of Mortfontaine; and yet, with all that, I have the usual allowance of legs, of wings, and of feathers. What, then, can be the meaning of the fearful dispensation that prevents this compound of feathers, legs, wings, and accompaniments, from taking rank amongst things distinguished by names?'

My soliloquy was cut short by a noise in the street. Two old women were disputing, and one of them, quivering upon a torrent of objurgation, exclaimed:

'Tell me *that!* oh! oh! oh! if that ain't a downright lie, I'll make thee a present of a white black-bird!'

'Bless me!' said I to myself, 'that's me! I'm the son of a black-bird, and I'm white; must I not, therefore, be a white black-bird?'

This discovery gave a new turn to my ideas. I dried up my tears, and, drawing myself proudly up, I began strutting backward and forward upon the gutter, looking out upon the world with an air of great confidence, as I gave utterance to the following exalted sentiments:

'A white black-bird! that's something not to be found on every bush! Truly a *rara avis* am I — hard to catch, and harder to match. Let the

Phoenix look to his laurels when *I* come out. Let the feathered tribes in general sing small and hide their diminished heads, whilst I take up my rank with all things next to impossible. Sea-serpents, mermaids, woolly horses, fossil alligators, bearded women, hide your diminished heads! Calf with two heads, hide *both* your diminished heads! Dwarf with enormous head, diminish your head!

‘But hold! shall I, exhibiting myself for base lucre to the gaze of the profane, neglect the finer gifts of intellect with which bounteous PROVIDENCE has seen fit to endow me? Shall I be content to build my fame upon any thing so light and perishable as a bunch of white feathers? Not so. Rather let me emulate the great Kacatogan — surpass him, I should say — for, instead of launching a poem in seven cantos, why should I not go forth to the world on the wings of one in twenty-four, or even in forty-eight? The latter, indeed, with notes and a copious appendix, would be little enough as a vehicle for my pent-up melancholy. Alone I stand, a bird of many sorrows. Let me expatiate on the dreariness of my lot. ‘The pathless woods,’ ‘the lonely shore,’ ‘the desert for a dwelling-place,’ myself for a theme! I will write it with a pen of bitterness, and publish it with a purpose. I will be the Byron of Birds!’

# L E O N O R A .

OPEN the western lattice, ROSALINE;  
I fain would feel the blessed air again,  
The air so sweet with April winds and flowers.  
It is as fair an eve as I e'er saw:  
Far mountains clustering their golden heads  
Along the gorgeous altar of the West;  
The sea a fallen cloud of rosy light,  
Wherein some buried stars look faintly forth,  
Smiling to their twin-sisters throned above,  
And where the broken moon hath left a part  
Of her white circle dropping far away.

The hills are fair as when I saw them last,  
Dimpled with valleys all their green slopes o'er;  
Crowned with ripe groves, and traced with winding walks,  
Down which the evening trails its rosy fire;  
Belted with brooks, within whose golden dance  
The white flocks wander homeward to the fold.

The setting sun ne'er wore a sweeter smile  
In all the pleasant childhood-hours a-gone  
Than burns to-night upon his glorious brow.  
Leaning upon a pillow of blue cloud,  
Parting the curtains of the April shower,  
He looks a-down the lonesome evening dells,  
O'er all the dear familiar things about my home  
With the deep tenderness of other days;  
Over the white curve of our palace-walls,  
Lifting with lordly grace above the sea,  
O'er winding stairs, and turrets lone and high,  
O'er quaint old carvings, fretted cornices,  
And balustrades all wreathed with ivy vines:

Through arching windows into banquet-halls,  
Piercing the aged gloom with spears of gold,  
Where in the olden time my Fathers won  
Their freedom, and these halls, with lance of steel  
Less beautiful, but not less bold and true.

All the dim gardens, too, grow luminous.  
Under the arching dust of olive-boughs,  
The slant beams roll a-down its flowery ways,  
Broken and rippled, till the scattered spray  
Glitters on every bending leaf and flower.  
The sculptured forms anon so cold and pale,  
Flush with red life in every rounded vein;  
DIANA, watching for ENDYMION,  
Hath a love-glory on her lips' bent bow;  
BACCHUS reels laughing under western vines;  
And where yon blossomed rose-tree bending low  
Cools its white fingers in the fountain's brim,  
A naiad lifts her fair head, rainbow-crowned,  
Her lips red flushing, and her tangled hair  
A golden glimmer through the veiling foam.

The Spring-wind never brought a sweeter song  
From lark or nightingale, than falls to-night  
From yon dim olive-grove upon my ear.  
And when the song grows fainter with the day,  
Broken by its own echoes in the grove,  
Still the air revels with soft music-sounds,  
The shepherd's pipe dropping in silver rings  
A-down the rocky hill-sides to the sea;  
The vesper-bells from Norna's convent-town,  
Born under blue beams of the evening-star;  
The broken winds and waves about the shore,  
The fountains tinkle in its marble bowl;  
The merry music of a lone guitar  
Throbbing a tune for some gay village-dance.

Dear Italy is full of love and joy;  
The Spring hath crowned her with his brightest stars;  
Clasped her in arms of sun-shine and of flowers;  
Hushed her sweet lips with kisses; sang to her,  
Till her whole soul is tranced in Love's wild dream.  
Ah! Mother-land, and silver-voiced Spring,  
I cannot sing at thy gay bridal-feast;  
My hands are all too weak to offer flowers;  
My step too faltering to grace the dance  
Thy glad Bacchantes lead so joyously;  
My cheek hath grown too delicate and pale  
To glow even at thy altar's rosy fire.

I weary of splendor, ROSALINE;  
I cannot look on this grand march of stars,  
Or drink this cup of passion-laden air;  
The glowing beauty of the love-thrilled earth  
But fills my heart with loud regret and pain;  
For HE whose soul drank in its sweet delight,  
With such rare thirst; whose skilful voice and lute  
Echoed its changeful songs so wondrously,  
Lies — where no setting sun, or evening star,  
No night-bird's song, or vesper-chime may come;  
Whose loving lips, and my pale aching brow,  
The river Death rolls cold and dark between.

3 MARE.

## THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE  
LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

## CHAPTER EIGHT.

## A GYPSY AT HOME.

THE night when he paid out of his own purse for the supper consumed by the club, Barbemuche managed to make Colline accompany him. Since his first presence at the meetings of the four friends whom he had relieved from their embarrassing position, Carolus had especially remarked Gustave already felt an attractive sympathy for this Socrates whose Plato he was destined to become. It was for this reason he had chosen him to be his introducer. On the way, Barbemuche proposed that they should enter a coffee-house which was still open, and take something to drink. Not only did Colline refuse, but he doubled his speed in passing the coffee-house, and carefully pulled down his hyperphysic hat over his face.

'But why won't you come in?' politely insisted the other.

'I have my reasons,' replied Colline; 'there is a bar-maid in that establishment who is very much addicted to the exact sciences, and I could not help having a long discussion with her, to avoid which I never pass through this street at noon, or any other time of day. To tell you the truth,' added he, innocently, 'I once lived with Marcel in this neighborhood.'

'Still I should be very glad to offer you a glass of punch, and have a few minutes' talk with you. Is there no other place in the vicinity where you could step in without being hindered by any mathematical difficulties?' asked Barbemuche, who thought it a good opportunity for saying something very clever.

Colline mused an instant: 'There is a little place here,' he said, pointing to a tavern, 'where I stand on a better footing.'

Barbemuche made a face, and seemed to hesitate. 'Is it a respectable place?' he demanded.

His cold and reserved attitude, his limited conversation, his discreet smile, and especially his watch-chain with charms on it, all led Colline to suppose that Barbemuche was a clerk in an embassy, and that he feared to compromise himself by going into a tavern.

'There is no danger of any one seeing us,' said he; 'all the diplomatic body is in bed by this time.'

Barbemuche made up his mind to go in, though at the bottom of his heart he would have given a good deal for a false nose. For greater security, he insisted on having a private room, and took care to fasten a napkin before the glass door of it. These precautions taken, he appeared more at ease, and called for a bowl of punch. Excited a little

by the generous beverage, Barbemuche became more communicative, and, after giving some autobiographical details, made bold to express the hope he had conceived of being personally admitted into the club, for the accomplishment of which ambitious design he solicited the aid of Colline.

Colline replied that, for his part, he was entirely at the service of Barbemuche, but, nevertheless, he could make no positive promise. 'I assure you of my vote,' said he; 'but I cannot take it upon me to dispose of those of my comrades.'

'But,' asked Barbemuche, 'for what reasons could they refuse to admit me among them?'

Colline put down the glass which he was just lifting to his mouth, and, in a very serious tone, addressed the rash Carolus:

'You cultivate the fine arts?'

'I labor humbly in those noble fields of intelligence,' replied the other, who felt bound to hang out the colors of his style.

Colline found the phrase well turned, and bowed in acknowledgment.

'You understand music?' he continued.

'I have played on the bass-viol.'

'A very philosophical instrument. Then, if you understand music, you also understand that one cannot, without violation of the laws of harmony, introduce a fifth performer into a quartette; it would cease to be a quartette.'

'Exactly, and become a quintette.'

'A quintette; very well; now attend to me. You understand astronomy?'

'A little; I'm a bachelor of arts.'

'There is a song about that,' said Colline; '*Dear bachelor, says Lizzie*' — I have forgotten the tune. Well, then, you know that there are four cardinal points. Now suppose there were to turn up a fifth cardinal point, all the harmony of nature would be upset. What they call the catechism, you understand?'

'I am waiting for the conclusion,' said Carolus, whose intelligence began to be a little shaky.

'The conclusion — yes, that is the end of argument, as death is the end of life, and marriage of love. Well, my dear Sir, I and my friends are accustomed to live together, and we fear to impair, by the introduction of another person, the harmony which reigns in our habits, opinions, tastes, and dispositions. To speak frankly, we are going to be, some day, the four cardinal points of contemporary art; accustomed to this idea, it would annoy us to see a fifth point.'

'Nevertheless,' suggested Carolus, 'where you are four it is easy to be five.'

'Yes, but then we cease to be four.'

'The objection is a trivial one.'

'There is *nothing* trivial in this world; little brooks make great rivers; little syllables make big verses; the very mountains are made of grains of sand — so says the *Wisdom of Nations*, of which there is a copy on the quay — tell me, my dear Sir, which is the furrow that you usually follow in the noble fields of intelligence?'

'The great philosophers and the classic authors are my models. I live upon their study. *Telemachus* first inspired the consuming passion I feel.'

'*Telemachus* — there is lots of him on the quay,' said Colline; 'you can find him there at any time. I have bought him for five sous — a second-hand copy — I would consent to part with it to oblige you. In other respects, it is a great work; very well got up, considering the age.'

'Yes Sir,' said Carolus; 'I aspire to high philosophy and sound literature. According to my idea, art is a priesthood —'

'Yes, yes,' said Colline; 'there's a song about that, too;' and he began to hum

'Art's a priesthood; art's a priesthood,'

to the air of the drinking-song in *Robert the Devil*.

'I say, then, that art being a solemn mission, writers ought, above all things' —

'Excuse me,' said Colline, who heard one of the small hours striking, 'but it's getting to be to-morrow morning very fast.'

'It is late, in fact,' said Carolus; 'let us go.'

'Do you live far off?'

'*Rue Royale St. Honoré, number ten.*'

Colline had once had occasion to go to this house, and remembered that it was a splendid private dwelling.

'I will mention you to my friends,' said he to Carolus, on parting; 'and you may be sure that I shall use all my influence to make them favorably disposed to you. Ah, let me give you one piece of advice.'

'Go on,' said the other.

'Be very amiable and polite to the three young ladies — you understand.'

'I'll try,' said Carolus.

Next day, Colline tumbled in upon the association. It was the hour of breakfast, and, for a wonder, breakfast had come with the hour. The three couples were at table, feasting on artichokes and pepper-sauce.

'The dence!' exclaimed the philosopher; 'this can't last, or the world would come to an end. I arrive,' he continued, 'as the ambassador of the generous mortal whom we met last night.'

'Can he be sending already to ask for his money again?' said Marcel.

'It has nothing to do with that,' replied Colline. 'This young man wishes to be one of us; to have stock in our society, and share the profits, of course.'

The three men raised their heads and looked at one another.

'That's all,' concluded Colline; 'now the question is open.'

'What is the social position of your principal?' asked Rodolphe.

'He is no principal of mine,' answered the other; 'last night he begged me to accompany him, and overflowed me with attentions and good liquor for a while; but I have retained my independence.'

'Good,' said Schaunard.

'Sketch us some leading features of his character,' said Marcel.

'Grandeur of soul: austerity of manners: afraid to go into taverns:



bachelor of arts : candid as a transparency : plays on the bass-viol : is disposed to change a five-franc piece occasionally.'

'Good again !' said Schaunard.

'What are his hopes ?'

'As I told you already, his ambition knows no bounds ; he aspires to be 'hail-fellow-well-met' with us.'

'That is to say,' answered Marcel, 'he wishes to speculate upon us, and to be seen riding in our carriages.'

'What is his profession ?' asked Rodolphe.

'Yes,' said Marcel ; 'what does he play on ?'

'Literature and mixed philosophy. He calls art a priesthood.'

'A priesthood !' cried Rodolphe, in terror.

'So he says.'

'And what is his road in literature ?'

'He goes after *Telemachus*.'

'Very good,' said Schaunard, eating the seed of his artichoke.

'Very good ! you dummy !' broke out Marcel ; 'I advise you not to say that in the street.'

Schaunard relieved his annoyance at this reproof by kicking Phemy under the table for taking some of his sauce.

'Once more,' said Rodolphe ; 'what is his condition in the world ? what does he live on, and where does he live ? and what is his name ?'

'His station is honorable ; he is professor of every thing in a rich family. His name is Carolus Barbemuche ; he spends his income in luxurious living, and dwells in the *Rue Royale*.'

'Furnished lodging ?'

'No ; there is real furniture.\*'

'I claim the floor,' said Marcel. 'To me it is evident that Colline has been corrupted ; he has already sold his vote for so many drinks. Don't interrupt me ! (Colline was rising to protest ;) you shall have your turn. Colline, mercenary soul that he is, has presented to you this stranger under an aspect too favorable to be true. I told you before ; I see through this person's designs. He wants to speculate on us. He says to himself, 'Here are some chaps making their way ; I must get into their pockets ; I shall arrive with them at the goal of fame.''

'Bravo !' quoth Schaunard ; 'have you any more sauce there ?'

'No,' replied Rodolphe ; 'the edition is out of print.'

'Looking at the question from another point of view,' continued Marcel, 'this insidious mortal whom Colline patronizes, perhaps aspires to our intimacy only from the most culpable motives. Gentlemen, we are not alone here !' continued the orator, with an eloquent look at the women ; 'and Colline's client, smuggling himself into our circle under the cloak of literature, may perchance be but a vile seducer. Reflect ! For one, I vote against his reception.'

'I demand the floor,' said Rodolphe, 'only for a correction. In his remarkable extemporary speech, Marcel has said that this Carolus, with the view of dishonoring us, wished to introduce himself *under the cloak of literature*.'

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\* To appreciate this joke fully, one must have occupied furnished lodgings in Paris.

'A Parliamentary figure.'

'A very bad figure; literature has no cloak.'

'Having made a report, as I may say,' resumed Colline, rising, 'I maintain the conclusions therein embodied. The jealousy which consumes him disturbs the reason of our friend Marcel; the great artist is beside himself.'

'Order!' cried Marcel.

'So much so, that, able designer as he is, he has just introduced into his speech a figure the incorrectness of which has been ably pointed out by the talented orator who preceded me.'

'Colline is an ass!' shouted Marcel, with a bang of his fist on the table that caused a lively sensation among the plates. 'Colline knows nothing in an affair of sentiment; he is incompetent to judge of such matters; he has an old book in place of a heart.'

Prolonged laughter from Schaunard. During the row, Colline kept gravely adjusting the folds of his white cravat as if to make way for the torrents of eloquence contained beneath them. When silence was reestablished, he thus continued:

'Gentlemen, I intend with one word to banish from your minds the chimerical apprehensions which the suspicions of Marcel may have engendered in them respecting Carolus.'

'Oh yes!' said Marcel, ironically.

'It will be as easy as that,' continued Colline, blowing out the match with which he had lighted his pipe.

'Go on! go on!' cried Schaunard, Rodolphe, and the women together.

'Gentlemen! although I have been personally and violently attacked in this meeting; although I have been accused of selling for base liquors the influence which I possess; secure in a good conscience I shall not deign to reply to those assaults on my probity, my loyalty, my morality. [Sensation.] But there is one thing which I will have respected. [Here the orator, endeavoring to lay his hand on his heart, gave himself a rap in the stomach.] My well-tried and well-known *prudence* has been called in question. I have been accused of wishing to introduce among you a person whose intentions were hostile to your happiness — in matters of sentiment. This supposition is an insult to the virtue of these ladies — nay more, an insult to their good taste. Carolus Barbe-muche is decidedly ugly.' [Visible denial on the face of Phemy; row under the table, supposed to be Schaunard kicking her.]

'But,' proceeded Colline, 'what will reduce to powder the contemptible argument with which my opponent has armed himself against Carolus by taking advantage of your terrors, is the fact that the said Carolus is a PLATONIST. [Sensation among the men; uproar among the women.]

This declaration of Colline's produced a reaction in favor of Carolus. The philosopher wished to improve the effect of his eloquent and adroit defence.

'Now, then,' he continued, 'I do not see what well-founded prejudices can exist against this young man, who, after all, has rendered us a service. As to myself, who am accused of acting thoughtlessly in wishing to introduce him among us, I consider this opinion an insult to my dig-

nity. I have acted in the affair with the wisdom of the serpent ; if a formal vote does not maintain me this character for prudence, I offer my resignation.'

'Do you make it a cabinet-question ?' said Marcel.

'I do.'

The three consulted, and agreed by common consent to restore to the philosopher that high reputation for prudence which he claimed. Colline then gave the floor to Marcel, who, somewhat relieved of his prejudices, declared that he might perhaps favor the adoption of the report. But before the decisive and final vote which should open to Carolus the intimacy of the club, he put to the meeting this amendment :

'WHEREAS, the introduction of a new member into our society is a grave matter, and a stranger might bring with him some elements of discord through ignorance of the habits, tempers, and opinions of his comrades,

'RESOLVED, That each member shall pass a day with the said CAROLUS, and investigate his manner of life, tastes, literary capacity, and wardrobe. The members shall afterward communicate their several impressions, and ballot on his admission accordingly. Moreover, before complete admission, the said CAROLUS shall undergo a noviciate of one month, during which time he shall not have the right to call us by our first names or take our arm in the street. On the day of reception, a splendid banquet shall be given at the expense of the new member, at a cost of not less than twelve francs.'

This amendment was adopted by three votes against one. The same night Colline went to the coffee-house early on purpose to be the first to see Carolus. He had not long to wait for him. Barbemuche soon appeared, carrying in his hand three huge bouquets of roses.

'Hullo !' cried the astonished Colline ; 'what do you mean to do with that garden ?'

'I remember what you told me yesterday. Your friends will doubtless come with their ladies, and it is on their account that I bring these flowers — very handsome ones.'

'That they are ; they must have cost fifteen sous, at least.'

'In the month of December ! If you said fifteen francs, you would have come nearer.'

'Heavens !' cried Colline, 'three crowns for these simple gifts of Flora ! You must be related to the Cordilleras. Well, my dear Sir, that is fifteen francs which we must throw out of the window.'

It was Barbemuche's turn to be astonished. Colline related the jealous suspicions with which Marcel had inspired his friends, and informed Carolus of the violent discussion which had taken place that morning on the subject of his admission. 'I protested,' said Colline, 'that your intentions were the purest, but there was a strong opposition, nevertheless. Beware of renewing these suspicions by much politeness to the ladies ; and to begin, let us put these bouquets out of the way. He took the roses and hid them in a cupboard. 'But that is not all,' he resumed ; 'before connecting themselves intimately with you, these gentlemen desire to make a private examination, each for himself, of your character, tastes, etc.' Then, lest Barbemuche might do something to shock his friends, Colline rapidly sketched a moral portrait of each of them. 'Contrive to agree with them separately,' added the philosopher, 'and they will end by all liking you.'

Carolus agreed to every thing. The three friends soon arrived with

their friends of the other sex. Rodolphe was polite to Carolus, Schau-nard familiar with him, Marcel remained cold. Carolus forced himself to be gay and amiable with the men, and indifferent to the women. When they broke up for the night, he asked Rodolphe to dine with him next day, and to come as early as noon. The poet accepted, saying to himself 'Good! I am to begin the inquiry, then.'

Next morning, at the hour appointed, he called on Carolus, who did indeed live in a very handsome private house, where he occupied a sufficiently comfortable room. But Rodolphe was surprised to find at that time of day the shutters closed, the curtains drawn, and two lighted candles on the table. He asked Barbemuche the reason.

'Study,' replied the other, 'is the child of mystery and silence.'

They sat down and talked. At the end of an hour, Carolus, with infinite oratorical address, brought in a phrase which, despite its humble form, was neither more nor less than a summons made to Rodolphe to hear a little work, the fruit of Barbemuche's vigils.

The poet saw himself caught. Curious, however, to learn the color of the other's style, he bowed politely, assured him that he was enchanted, that —

Carolus did not wait for him to finish the sentence. He ran to bolt the door, and then took up a small blank-book, the thinness of which brought a smile of satisfaction to the poet's face.

'Is that the manuscript of your work?' he asked.

'No,' replied Carolus; 'it is the catalogue of my manuscripts; and I am looking for the one which you will allow me to read you. Here it is, *Number fourteen: Don Lopez; or, Fatality*. It's on the third shelf;' and he proceeded to open a small closet in which Rodolphe perceived, with terror, a great quantity of manuscripts. Carolus took out one of these, shut the closet, and seated himself in front of the poet.

Rodolphe cast a glance at one of the four piles of elephant-paper of which the work was composed. 'Come,' said he to himself, 'it's not in verse, but it's called *Don Lopez*.'

Carolus began to read:

'On a cold winter night, two cavaliers, enveloped in large cloaks, and mounted on sluggish mules, were making their way side by side over one of the roads which traverse the frightful solitudes of the Sierra Morena.'

'May the LORD have mercy on me!' ejaculated Rodolphe, mentally.

Carolus continued to read his first chapter, written in the style of the above throughout. Rodolphe listened vaguely, and tried to devise some means of escape.

'There is the window, but it's fastened; and, beside, we are in the fourth story. Ah, *now* I understand all these precautions.'

'What do you think of my first chapter?' asked Carolus; 'do not spare criticism, I beg of you.'

Rodolphe thought he remembered having heard some scraps of philosophical declamation upon suicide, put forth by the hero of the romance, Don Lopez, to wit; so he replied at hazard:

'The grand figure of Don Lopez is conscientiously studied; it reminds me of the *Savoyard Vicar's Confession of Faith*; the description of Don Alvar's mule pleases me exceedingly; it is like a sketch of Géri-

cault's. There are good lines in the landscape ; as to the thoughts, they are seeds of Rousseau planted in the ground of Lesage. Only allow me to make one observation : you use too many stops, and you work the word *henceforward* too hard. It is a good word, and gives color, but should not be abused.'

Carolus took up a second pile of paper, and repeated the title *Don Lopez, or the Fatality*.

'I knew a Don Lopez once,' said Rodolphe ; 'he used to sell cigarettes and Bayonne chocolate ; 'perhaps he was a relation of your man. Go on.'

At the conclusion of the second chapter, the poet interrupted his host :

'Don't you feel your throat a little dry ?' he inquired.

'Not at all, replied Carolus ; 'we are coming to the history of Inesilla.'

'I am very curious to hear it ; nevertheless, if you are tired ——'

'*Chapter third!*' enunciated Carolus, in a voice that gave no signs of fatigue.

Rodolphe took a careful survey of Barbemuche, and perceived that he had a short neck and a ruddy complexion. 'I have one hope left,' thought the poet, on making this discovery. 'He may have an attack of apoplexy.'

'Will you be so good as to tell me what you think of the love-scene ?'

Carolus looked at Rodolphe to observe in his face what effect the dialogue produced upon him. The poet was bending forward on his chair, with his neck stretched out in the attitude of one who is listening for some distant sound.

'What's the matter with you ?'

'Hist !' said Rodolphe, 'do n't you hear ? I thought some body cried fire ! Suppose we go and see.'

Carolus listened an instant, but heard nothing,

'It must have been a ringing in my ears,' said the other. 'Go on ; Don Alvar interests me exceedingly ; he is a noble youth.'

Carolus continued with all the music he could put into his voice :

'O INESILLA ! whatever thou art, angel or demon ; and whatever be thy country, my life is thine, and thee will I follow, be it to heaven or hell !'

Some one knocked at the door.

'It's my porter,' said Barbemuche, half opening. It was indeed the porter with a letter. 'What an unlucky chance !' cried Carolus. 'We must put off our reading till some other time ; I have to go out immediately. If you please, we will execute this little commission together, as it is nothing private, and then we can come back to dinner.'

'There,' thought Rodolphe, 'is a letter that has fallen from heaven ; I recognize the seal of PROVIDENCE.'

When he rejoined the comrades that night, the poet was interrogated by Marcel and Schaunard.

'Did he treat you well ?' they asked.

'Yes, but I paid dear for it.'

'How ! Did Carolus make you pay ?' demanded Schaunard, with rising choler.

‘He read a novel at me, inside of which the people are named *Don Lopez* and *Don Alvar*; and the tenors call their mistresses *angel*, or *demon*.’

‘How shocking!’ cried the club, in chorus.

‘But otherwise,’ said Colline, ‘literature apart, what is your opinion of him?’

‘A very nice young man. You can judge for yourselves; Carolus means to treat us all in turn; he invites Schaunard to breakfast with him to-morrow. Only look out for the closet with the manuscripts in it.’

Schaunard was punctual and went to work with the minuteness of an auctioneer taking an inventory, or a sheriff levying an execution. Accordingly he came back full of notes; he had studied Carolus chiefly in respect of his movables and worldly goods.

‘This Barbemuche,’ he said, on being asked *his* opinion, ‘is a lump of good qualities. He knows the names of all the wines that ever were invented, and made me eat more nice things than my aunt ever did on her birth-day. He is on very good terms with the tailors in the *Rue Vivienne*, and the boot-makers of the *Passage des Panoramas*; and I have observed that he is nearly our size, so that, in case of need, we can lend him our clothes. His habits are less austere than Colline chose to represent them; he went wherever I pleased to take him, and gave me a breakfast in two acts, the second of which went off in a tavern by the fish-market where I am known for some Carnival orgies. Well, Carolus went in there as any ordinary mortal might, and that’s all. Marcel goes to-morrow.’

Carolus knew that Marcel was the one who had made the most objections to his reception. Accordingly, he treated him with particular attention, and especially won his heart by holding out the hope of procuring him sitters in the family of his pupil. When it came to Marcel’s turn to make his report, there were no traces of his original hostility to Carolus.

On the fourth day, Colline informed Barbemuche that he was admitted, but under conditions. ‘You have a number of vulgar habits,’ he said, ‘which must be reformed.’

‘I shall do my best to imitate you,’ said Carolus.

During the whole time of his noviciate the Platonic philosopher kept company with the Bohemians continually, and was thus enabled to study their habits more thoroughly, not without being very much astonished at times. One morning, Colline came to see him with a joyful face.

‘My dear fellow,’ he said, ‘it’s all over; you are now definitely one of us. It only remains to fix the day and the place of the grand entertainment; I have come to talk with you about it.’

‘That can be arranged with perfect ease,’ said Carolus; ‘the parents of my pupil are out of town; the young viscount, whose mentor I am, will lend us the apartments for an evening, only we must invite him to the party.’

‘That will be very nice,’ replied Colline; ‘we will open to him the vistas of literature: but do you think he will consent?’

'I am sure of it.'

'Then it only remains to fix the day.'

'We will settle that to-night at the coffee-house.'

Carolus then went to find his pupil, and announced to him that he had just been elected into a distinguished society of literary men and artists, and that he was going to give a dinner, followed by a little party, to celebrate his admission; he therefore proposed to him to make one of the guests. 'And since you cannot be out late,' added Carolus, 'and the entertainment may last some time, it will be for our convenience to have it here. Your servant Kancris knows how to hold his tongue; your parents will know nothing of it; and you will have made acquaintance with some of the cleverest people in Paris, artists and authors.'

'In print?' asked the youth.

'Certainly. One of them edits the *Scarf of Isis*, which your mother takes. They are very distinguished persons, almost celebrities, intimate friends of mine.'

That night, at the coffee-house, Barbemuche announced that the party would come off next Saturday; and from that day all the neighborhood was informed that Mesdemoiselles Phemy, Mimi, and Musette, were going out into society.

On the morning of the festivity, Colline, Schaunard, Marcel, and Rodolphe, called, in a body, on Barbemuche, who looked astonished to see them so early.

'Has any thing happened which will oblige us to put it off?' he asked, with some anxiety.

'Yes—that is, no'—said Colline; 'this is how we are placed. Among ourselves we never stand on ceremony, but when we are to meet strangers, we wish to preserve a certain decorum.'

'Well?' said the other.

'Well,' continued Colline, 'since we are to meet to-night, the young gentleman to whom we are indebted for the rooms, out of respect to him and to ourselves, we come simply to ask you if you cannot lend us some becoming toggery. It is almost impossible, you see, for us to enter this gorgeous roof in frock-coats and colored trowsers.'

'But,' said Carolus, 'I have not black clothes for all of you.'

'We will make out with what you have,' said Colline.

'Suit yourselves, then,' said Carolus, opening a well-furnished wardrobe.

'What an arsenal of elegancies!' said Marcel.

'Three hats!' exclaimed Schaunard, in ecstasy; 'can a man want three hats when he has but one head?'

'And the boots!' said Rodolphe, 'only look!'

In the twinkling of an eye each had selected a complete equipment.

'But,' said Barbemuche, casting a glance at the emptied wardrobe, 'you have left me nothing. What am I to wear?'

'Ah, it's different with you,' said Rodolphe; 'you are the master of the house; you need not stand upon etiquette.'

'But I have only my dressing-gown and slippers, flannel waist-coat and trowsers with stocking-feet.'



‘Never mind; we excuse you before-hand,’ replied the four.

A very good dinner was served at six. The company arrived, Marcel limping and out of humor. The young viscount rushed up to the ladies and led them to their seats. Mimi was dressed with fanciful elegance; Musette got up with seductive taste; Phemy looked like a stained-glass window, and hardly dared sit down.

The dinner lasted two hours and a half. The young viscount kept stepping on Mimi’s foot. Phemy took twice of every dish. Schaunard was in clover. Rodolphe improvised sonnets and broke glasses in marking the rhythm. Colline talked to Marcel, who remained sulky.

‘What is the matter with you?’ asked the philosopher.

‘My feet are in torture; this Carolus has boots like a woman’s.’

‘He must be given to understand that, for the future, some of his shoes are to be made a little larger — but now to the drawing-room, where the coffee and liquors await us.’

The revelry re-commenced with increased noise. Schaunard seated himself at the piano and executed, with immense spirit, his new symphony, the *Death of the Damsel*. To this succeeded the characteristic piece of *The Creditor’s March*, which was twice encored, and two chords of the piano broken.

Marcel was still morose, and replied to the complaints and expostulations of Carolus:

‘My dear Sir, we shall never be intimate, and for this reason: Physical difficulties are almost always the certain sign of a moral difference; on this point philosophy and medicine agree. Your boots, infinitely too small for me, indicate a radical difference of temper and character; in other respects, your little party has been charming.’

At one in the morning, the guests took leave, and zig-zagged homeward. Barbenuche felt very ill, and made incoherent harangues to his pupil, who, for his part, was dreaming of Miss Mimi’s blue eyes.

## W I N T E R .

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

WINTER wraps his mantle o’er us, and with clouds and storms before us,  
How we long for the bright days of ever-smiling, genial Spring!  
When those fetters that now bind us we shall leave with joy behind us,  
Welcoming with joyous praises those soft days which Summer brings.

April suns and April showers, lovely May and May’s bright flowers,  
Glad the heart that gloomy Winter over it a shade hath cast,  
Waking in us new sensations, breathing nobler aspirations  
Than will ever bless and cheer us while stern Winter’s reign shall last.

While Life’s seasons are before us, may the clouds that hover o’er us  
E’er reflect warm, golden tints from that bright sun which shines above;  
And when this frail cord shall sever, may we all, and may we ever,  
In a world of light and glory ever more repose in love!

Hartford, Ct.

## D O C T O R   P U F F .

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED SATIRE.

## I.

SAGE Doctor PUFF has deigned a few, brief days,  
 From beds of suffering long, the sick to raise;  
 Ye members of the Editorial Corps,  
 Announce the presence of this man of lore!  
 Though luckless Satire is his fiery beak,  
 On a famed wash to whiten Beauty's cheek;  
 And few his bristles on his cocoa-nut bare,  
 Though his pomatums glad the bald with hair;  
 Afflicted man cries loudly, stung with pain;  
 The Doctor speaks, and he is sound again.  
 Afflicted woman drops upon her knees  
 To be relieved; the Doctor gives her ease.  
 His pill will drive Consumption from his prey,  
 The work of Death his sovereign plaster stay;  
 His cordial make the spectre, Death, retreat,  
 When brow grows cold, and pulse forgets to beat;  
 His magic powders never fail to rout  
 The fiends of Cholic, Cholera, and Gout;  
 And when his great elixir he prepares  
 Of Youth's return no more Old Age despairs;  
 His cheek like parchment, shrivelled, dry, and worn,  
 Wears in a few brief hours the rose of morn;  
 Strength to his bowed and wasted form returns,  
 And in his eye the glow of spring-time burns;  
 A weak, cracked voice gives place to manly tone;  
 Judgment resumes a long-deserted throne;  
 And in his heart awakes a wild desire  
 To play the bride-groom, not the wrinkled sire.

## II.

Great Doctor PUFF! with pain and plague at strife,  
 Defender of the Citadel of Life!  
 What matters it that dirt and Indian meal  
 Thy pills compose that never fail to heal?  
 What matters it that fluids of strong scent  
 Are prime ingredients with thy cordial blent?  
 A magic skill thy groaning patients own;  
 Potent emetic is thy look alone.  
 Thy syrups, salves, and panaceas rare  
 Make sextons of employment to despair;  
 And undertakers vanish in a trice,  
 While cradles rise, and coffins fall in price.

## III.

NAPOLEON of Physic! when thy skill  
 Has worked a cure for every carnal ill,  
 If friends do not thy genius underrate,  
 Applied will be thy leechcraft to the State;  
 Thy drops the body politic will heal,  
 And hushed be mourning Freedom's funeral peal;  
 The day of tight astringents will be o'er,  
 And puckered-up the soul of man no more.  
 Aperients his mind will then expand;  
 Cathartics purge foul humors from the land;  
 And Sin be drugged with opiates so strong  
 That Earth no more will hear one tale of wrong.

## IV.

Great ÆSCULAPIUS of modern times!  
 Why lengthen out a poet's idle rhymes?  
 Enough that health is where thy foot-steps tread,  
 And seen no marble slabs that mark the dead;  
 While Death, an idler, snores and slumbers on,  
 OTHELLO-like, 'his occupation gone!'

W. H. O. H.

## SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND CHARACTER.

## LA SEVILLANA.

## PART FIRST

'RIBERAS del río do las aguas doran,  
 Al prado dejando margen arenosa,  
 Me topé una niña — mas que digo?— diosa!  
 Que sin duda lo era, por ser tan graciosa.'

ROMANCERO VIEJO.

'AND now, brother William,' cried my wife, after the 'tea-equipage' had been removed, and the youngster put to bed; 'draw your chair nearer the fire, and let us know why you remained abroad so long: some love-affair, I'll be bound!'

The lieutenant rose, paced hurriedly twice or thrice across the floor, as if struggling to repress some inward emotion; next, going to his valise, which lay upon the side-board, he took therefrom a small painting on ivory, representing two graves by the side of a gentle stream, which he gazed at sadly and silently for the space of some minutes; then, thrusting it in the breast-pocket of his coat, and covering his face with his hands, in the vain endeavor to conceal the tears which trickled down his manly cheeks, he resumed his seat, and commenced his tale as follows:

'You both must recollect Harry Burton, 'the light-hearted Harry, as we called him at school, with his bright blue eyes and curly hair, his winning smile and gentle manners. You will both remember, too, that, as boys, Harry and I were inseparable, and that we entered the naval-service together; he being ordered to the East-Indies, and I to the Pacific-Ocean. It was about ten years after this eventful period, that I received a letter from him, informing me of his having obtained a year's leave of absence, for the purpose of visiting Spain, and begging me to accompany him. As I had just returned from a long cruise, and had a few shot in the locker, I gladly acceded to his request; and the twelfth day from the receipt of his epistle saw us embarked at New-York, in one of Her Most Catholic Majesty's packets. After a voyage of thirty days, we landed at Malaga. Here we hired mules and a guide, and, the necessary passports being procured, set forth, like two knights-errant of old, '*probar fortuna*.' I will not pause now to give you a detailed account of our wanderings. Suffice it to say, that after having visited most places of note in the kingdom, we reached Seville, '*la maravilla*.'

just a month before the expiration of our leave. For some time previous to this, I had noticed a sadness stealing over my companion, which grew deeper day by day. For the past fortnight, he had seemed wholly unconscious of all that was passing in the busy world around him; and during our journey from Cordoba to this city, not one word had fallen from his lips.

We had been in Seville five days. The cathedral-bells had sounded the hour of mid-night, and I sat alone in our comfortable lodgings at the '*Fonda de la Reyna*.' Harry, who had been more than ordinarily depressed in spirits since our arrival here, had left the house in the morning, before I was awake, and was still absent. I feared lest some accident had befallen him, and was on the eve of going in search of him, when he entered the room, looking pale and dejected, and sinking into a chair, burst into tears.

'Harry, my dear fellow,' cried I, 'for God's sake speak to me! What is the matter!'

'Oh, William,' he answered, 'you must have thought me very cold and unkind of late, but I am *so* unhappy!'

'Nay, Harry,' I rejoined, deeply moved, 'I have never, in my whole life, thought you either cold or unkind. Your melancholy, of late, has been a source of much uneasiness to me; but I have forborne to speak of it hitherto, lest I should add to your grief. Now, however, let me implore you, for both our sakes, to tell me the cause of it.'

'I will, William. I have long wished to do so, but have lacked resolution. To-morrow you shall know all.' So saying, he turned from me, and left the room.

The next morning, I entered his chamber at an early hour, and found him seated in an easy-chair, fast asleep. Before him, on a small table, were his writing-desk and a letter, directed to me, which ran thus :

It is little more than two years ago, that, being on leave from my ship, then lying at Cadiz, I sallied forth from this very hotel, and wended my way toward the '*Paseo de las Delicias*.' I had arrived opposite the Cathedral, and stopped to gaze a moment upon the far-famed '*Giralda*,' when my curiosity was excited by observing some half-dozen persons grouped about the window of a house near by. I joined the throng, and, looking through the *reja*, beheld, extended at full length upon the floor, the body of a young girl of not more than fifteen summers, very beautiful, even in death. She was dressed in white, as if for a bridal. Her golden hair, which lay in luxuriant tresses upon her ivory bosom, was decked with a single white japonica; a smile of passing sweetness still lingered upon the lips from which the coral had not yet departed: and in her snowy arms lay the body of an infant, covered with rose-buds. At her head, were a crucifix and an image of the Virgin, while on either side six waxen tapers were dimly burning. As I gazed, a decrepit old man, leaning upon a crutch, entered the room, and with faltering steps approached the corpse; then, kneeling slowly down, he bowed his aged head until his silvery locks mingled with hers, and murmuring, in a low, sad tone, '*Hija mia, hija mia!*' kissed passionately the pallid lips of her whom in life he had loved so well.

The scene was to me a novel one, and I was filled with awe and admiration. 'Alas, poor child!' I thought; 'hard, indeed, has been her fate! How oft did she, in the pride of her heart, as her hour of travail approached, dwell, with all a mother's tenderness, upon the burden she bore! how oft did she speculate upon the color of its hair and eyes; and then too, doubtless, in the midst of her visions, the form of her loved husband would appear, and she would fondly whisper: 'He will love me even more than now, when he beholds our first-born!' And now, she and the babe are no more; to-morrow they will be buried, and the next day forgotten by all, save this poor old man. Such is life!'

My countenance must have betrayed what was passing in my mind: for I was awakened from my reverie by a shout of laughter from the idlers about me, who, I found, were making merry at the expense of the *pensativo Americano*, one of their number having likened me '*al caballero de la triste figura*.' I was retiring in some disgust at their heartlessness, when the sound of light foot-steps fell upon my ear. A moment after, a soft, sweet voice at my side murmured, in rich Castilian, '*Pobrecita! se ha muerto muy joven*.' The speaker was a dark-eyed, dark-haired *señorita*, just budding into womanhood. Her figure was as faultless as Marcela's, and her face like that of Murillo's guardian-angel. She blushed slightly as she met my ardent gaze, and, drawing her black-lace mantilla closely around her, tripped lightly across the street to the cathedral, and disappeared through '*la puerta del perdon*,' while I slowly continued my walk to the *paseo*, which I reached not much before night-fall.

It was a mild evening of the merry month of May. The air was redolent with the perfume of the orange-blossom, and the last rays of the setting sun were still lingering, in a flood of crimson light, upon the waters of the poetic Guadalquivir; and, as I watched the sportive maidens who thronged its banks, gladdening the earth with their innocent merriment, I thanked God in my heart that I was permitted to behold so fair a scene. How long I remained here, I know not; but when I turned my steps homeward, the *paseo* seemed deserted, and all nature hushed in a deep sleep, save that a solitary songster from a neighboring grove poured forth his evening-carol to the rising moon. Loitering a moment by the column of Hercules, to cast a last look upon the bewitching scene, my eye rested upon three persons who were engaged in an animated, and apparently angry discussion. These were two women in black, and a man of middle age, eminently handsome, but bearing in his countenance the evident traces of a life of dissipation. He was clad in the undress of a captain of artillery. Although the trio were but a few yards removed from me, the shadow of the pillar against which I leaned effectually concealed me from their sight; and I was about to discover myself, when, recognizing in the voice of the younger female that of the compassionate looker-on at the window, I remained as it were, spell-bound and immovable. '*Basta, Fernandez*,' she said, sadly; '*no hay mas que decir: vamos, madre mia*.' As she spoke these last words, she drew her mother's arm within her own, and the two walked slowly off, followed at a little distance by the cap-

tain. A moment after, he sprang madly forward and seized the maiden by the waist; while the feeble mother, vainly endeavoring to extricate her from his grasp, called loudly for aid. Quick as thought, I was by her side, and, blind with passion, I felled the assailant to the earth. '*Muchas gracias, señor!*' '*Bendito seas!*' cried mother and daughter in a breath. The crest-fallen captain, rising with difficulty to his feet, laid his hand, with a significant gesture, on his sword: '*Caballero, nos encontraremos otra vez,*' he said, as he strode haughtily away.

As soon as the ladies had recovered sufficient composure to enable them to converse freely, they overwhelmed me with thanks for my opportune assistance, and insisted upon my accompanying them to their residence, which, they said, was not far distant. On our way thither, I learned that they were the wife and daughter of General Gonzales, of the Spanish army, and that the officer who had behaved so badly was a cousin of the *señorita's*, who had long courted her in vain.

'He has been drinking to-night,' said the old lady, 'and to-morrow will be heartily ashamed of what he has done; but never more,' she added, indignantly, 'shall Fernandez de Lema cross the threshold of my doors!'

'And what do you think of Seville?' asked the *señorita*, as we passed the city-gates.

'I quite agree with Gil Blas:

'QUIEN NO VIÓ A SEVILLA,  
NO VIÓ MARAVILLA;'

And, as for the Sevillañas, I verily believe they are the most lovely beings on earth!'

'*Vamos, señor!* you speak like a lover, or a poet, which is worse, as the niece of Don Quixote avers,' rejoined the now-laughing girl; 'may-be, however, you are both poet and lover, in which case you are the more to be pitied. Let me tell you, then, Señor poet, or lover, or both, *las damas de Sevilla no se precian de hermosura pero en toda Andalucía hay mucha gracia.*'

'*Hay mucha gracia, y mucha hermosura tambien,*' cried I, to the no small amusement of the mother; and I was just proceeding to give a most glowing description of a fair damsel whom I had met twice that very day — once at a certain *reja*, and again by the borders of the 'trembling river' — when my discourse was cut short by our arrival at their mansion. Entering with them, I was ushered into a large room on the second floor, elegantly furnished, where sat an elderly gentleman, perusing the evening papers. 'My husband,' said the Señora, introducing me. To you, William, who know something of Spanish character, I need only say, I found General Gonzales an *hidalgo* worthy of Spain's proudest days. His manners were reserved, but not cold, and in his upright carriage and lofty bearing, one might read pride without arrogance, self-respect without conceit. He received me with much cordiality when he was informed of the service I had rendered his family, and in a short time, I found myself as much at my ease with him, as if he had been the acquaintance of years. That evening was one of the happiest of my life; and the '*a las doce, y sereno — ave*

*Maria!* of the watchman had already greeted my ears, ere I rose to take leave. When I did so, the General gave me a hearty embrace, after the Spanish fashion, and exacted a promise from me, to make his house my home, should I ever visit Seville again; while his wife called upon all the saints of the Calendar to watch over and protect me. The señorita, the while, sat waving her fan in silence. I took her hand, and in a few hurried words expressed my regret that duty compelled me to leave Seville the following morning, and a hope that I should meet her again, at some not distant period. '*Paciencia y esperanza, Señor!*' said she, with an arch look. 'T was thus we parted.

On the morrow, I returned to Cadiz: not, however, before I had addressed a line to Don Fernandez de Lema, telling him where I was to be found. To my surprise, my note was unanswered; nor did I ever set eyes on the Captain again.

Time rolled slowly on. Our good ship visited many pleasant ports on the classic shores of Italy, where objects of interest met my gaze at every turn; but, go where I would, see what I might, that fair girl's spirit was ever at my side; and, whether roaming gaily through the stately palaces of Naples, or standing pensive amid the ruins of Pompeii, a sweet voice would ever and anon breathe into my ear, '*Pobrecita! se ha muerto muy joven,*' followed immediately by the cheering words, '*paciencia y esperanza!*'

A year had now passed, and our noble frigate lay at anchor off Funchal, Madeira, where she was to remain some months, preparatory to returning to the United States. It was the morning after our arrival here — a bright morning of the first month of summer — when, throwing the reins to my guide, I alighted from my horse on the heights overhanging the town, and entered the chapel of '*Nossa Senhora do Monte,*' where, although the hour was an early one, I found many good Catholics gathered around the altar; while a choir of monks chanted a requiem for the dead. Among the worshippers knelt a young girl, in deep mourning, and evidently in deep distress; for, in that part of the Mass where, after the elevation of the Host, the priest recites the words, '*Quiescant in pace,*' she sobbed as if her heart would break. I took my place near her; and as she was passing by me on her way out of the chapel, upon the conclusion of the service, her long veil became entangled in one of the buttons of my sleeve, and she turned to extricate it. 'Can it be possible?' I exclaimed; '*Maria Gonzales!*' Almost at the same instant, she uttered a joyful cry of recognition, and smiling through her tears, as sun-shine follows an April shower, stretched forth both her tiny hands to me; which, I need hardly say, I pressed with all a lover's devotion.

As we walked on together, I learned that, since we parted, sorrow, and even death, had visited her once happy home. 'You had scarce been gone a week,' she said, 'when my father was arrested, upon a charge of being in correspondence with the Carlists, the enemies of our beloved Queen. The accusation against him was contained in an anonymous letter to the Minister of War, the hand-writing of which none could recognize; and yet, poor father was thrown into prison, and chained and manacled like a common felon. In the trial which ensued,



it being declared by the Court 'that Queen Isabella had not a more loyal subject in her whole army than the gallant General Gonzales,' he was immediately released from confinement, and restored to his command; with a notification from the ministry, that it was Her Majesty's intention to compliment him soon with the Captain-Generalship of the Island of Cuba. But all this availed nothing. His proud spirit could not brook the indignity which had been put upon him, on such trifling grounds, at the close of a long life of devotion to his country — during which he had been thrice wounded in defence of the crown — and thenceforth, life seemed to have lost all charms for him. Yet still, mother and I thought that time would restore him to us; but this was not to be: for, discovering, a short time after his release, by some means unknown to us, that his calumniator was his own nephew, Fernandez de Lema, his only sister's son, his heart was broken; and he expired just six months after his honorable acquittal by the court, calling upon us with his latest breath, for the honor of his line, never to reveal the name of the slanderer. My mother's health has been declining ever since, and so, by the advice of her physicians, we came to this beautiful island, and are residing in the little English cottage you see yonder on the brow of that hill; but I cannot perceive any improvement in mother, as yet,' she added, sadly; 'and I fear you will find her greatly altered, Sir. Then, turning to her attendant, an old sergeant, whose proudest boast was, that he had served General Gonzales faithfully, from the cradle to the grave, 'Hasten home, my good Pedro,' she cried, 'and tell mamma who is with me. She will be almost as glad to see you, Mr. Burton, as I am,' said she naïvely.

As we drew near the house, the unhappy widow came forth to meet us, leaning upon the arm of the trusty soldier. She endeavored to force a smile when I advanced to salute her, but her heart was too full; and, holding down her head, she wept bitterly. Alas, poor heart-broken woman! she was changed, indeed, since I had seen her in Seville; and, as I glanced at her flushed cheek and wasted form, I could scarce restrain myself from crying aloud, 'Alas! poor Maria!'

When her agitation had in some measure subsided, she greeted me in the warmest manner; and from that time, I was ever a welcome guest at the cottage, and always by Maria's side.

The rest is a tale soon told: 'I loved, and was beloved.' I should but tire you, William, by attempting to describe our days of courtship. 'Happy the persons,' says Montesquieu, 'whose history is *ennuyeuse*!' I only know that we were always together, and always very, very happy; and that the even current of our lives was never troubled by any of the thousand and one little *contretemps*, so pathetically described by our fashionable novelists, and which, according to them, form a necessary element in the existence of all true lovers. But Byron has well said:

'The Spanish girl is no coquette,  
Nor joys to see a lover tremble;  
And if she love, or if she hate,  
Alike she knows not to dissemble.'

With us, all was peace and sun-shine, each day being but a repetition

of the past ; and when, after plighting our troth, we knelt before the good old lady, and received her sanction to our engagement, my happiness was complete. It was settled that, as soon as I arrived home, I should procure a leave of absence and proceed to Seville direct, where mother and daughter were to join me ; Señora Gonzales wishing Maria to be married in the same house in which they had passed so many happy days during the life of the General.

And now, the time of my departure was at hand. 'T was evening : one of those delicious summer-evenings in Madeira that no pencil can describe. Maria reclined upon a couch in the verandah, and I sate by her side, holding her hand in mine. We had ridden out, in the morning, to the chapel where we had first met after our long separation, and afterwards to the '*Corral*.' On our return, as we were riding along the brink of a precipice, my horse suddenly took fright, and ere I could curb him, had carried me several yards in advance of her. 'Jesus !' I heard her exclaim. Looking back, I perceived that her pony had stumbled, and but for the guide, who with admirable presence of mind had seized the bridle, would have precipitated her into the abyss beneath. She was dreadfully alarmed, and I had no sooner reached her than she fainted in my arms. She soon revived, however ; and the 'good Pedro,' who was always with us, having procured a palanquin, we bore her swiftly home ; while the guide, who, honest fellow ! seemed as much concerned as myself at the accident, ran at the top of his speed for the nearest physician. Upon examination, the doctor, a bluff, good-natured Englishman, immediately declared, to my infinite relief, that Maria had sustained no bodily injury ; and after rallying her a little, in true John Bull style, upon her want of courage, prescribed a soothing-potion, and took his leave. She was still, however, nervous and depressed.

'Harry,' said she, 'I have lost the note you sent me the other evening, and I feel so superstitious about it ! I fear some evil threatens us.'

'A fig for your nonsensical superstitions,' cried I, jestingly ; '*my* only fear is, that some one of the handsome cavaliers of Seville will make you entirely forget the ugly American.'

'Nay, Harry, you must not say so,' she rejoined quickly, at the same time laying her little hand upon my mouth. 'You do but jest, I know, but then, I am well aware, too, that the women of my native land are generally characterized by foreigners as fickle and inconstant ; and *por Dios !*' she added, with a virtuous indignation, her eyes flashing fire as she spoke, 'I believe the accusation to be as false as was that of the arch-traitor Judas himself. Undoubtedly, there are in Spain, as elsewhere, very many females among the lower classes, who are a disgrace to their sex ; but to say that a Spanish *lady* is light of love, is to affirm that Roger de Lauria was a saint, and Gonsalvo de Cordoba a coward : and know, Harry,' she continued, passionately throwing her arms about my neck and resting her head on my bosom, as she spoke, 'when a *Sevillana* loves one of your sex, she loves him with her whole soul, *prescinde de si es Español, ó extranjero !*' And I believed then what she said, William, as I believe it now ; as I would believe 'proof of holy writ.'

It was near mid-night, when I clasped her in a last, fond embrace. 'Nay, do not weep so bitterly, dearest,' I whispered, endeavoring to assume a cheerfulness I was far from feeling. 'For your mother's sake, you must bear up against this trial.'

'*Ah, c'est une épreuve bien dure!*' she sighed, unconsciously using the beautiful language of Virginia. These were the last words I heard her speak: I never saw her more.

The next morning, as our ship was fanning with a light breeze out of the harbor, whither an English steamer had preceded us, a note was brought to me from shore, the hand-writing of which I immediately recognized as Maria's. I tore it open, and read as follows:

'THE places where I have been so happy have now become hateful to me, and when you receive this, my mother and myself will be on our way to Spain. Farewell for ever, Harry: we must never, *never* meet again. God bless you! 'MARIA.'

For months after this, I lay in a delirium, and my life was despaired of. When consciousness returned, I was lying on a bed in a darkened room, with my mother and sisters bending over me. From this moment, but one idea took possession of my mind: I would go to Spain in search of Maria, and either marry her, or lay down my life at her feet. At Granada, I learned that she and her mother were residing in Madrid; thence, I traced them from city to city, until our arrival here, where I have entirely lost sight of them.

My tale is finished, William; I have nothing more to write. Well has Saint Pierre likened our day of life to that of the globe on which we live; one part of which cannot receive the light unless the other be given up to darkness. For me, my sun of happiness has set for ever, and a dark, dark night of sorrow has set in.

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T H E P A S T .

There's a spell in the mighty Past;  
There's a charm round the days that are gone:  
And a sorrowful look behind we cast,  
Though our path lies ever — on.

Its mystic depths profound,  
In fancy I love to explore;  
To steal awhile from the world around  
To dream in the world of yore.

In the evening hour, while yet  
Some struggling day-beams last,  
I think of the ages, long since set  
In the gathering night of the Past.

Of the grandeur and greatness, flown;  
Of heroes and sages, sublime:  
Of woman's beauty, that sweetly shone  
In the vanished, olden time!

Fled are they now, for aye;  
Gone, the assemblage vast;  
But like stars that gleam in the dark night-sky,  
Their memory gilds the Past.

## THE VETERAN OF SEVENTY-SIX

TELLING HIS STORY TO THE SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

BY RICHARD BAYWARDE

ONCE I stood beneath the hemlocks in the drear December snow,  
 In a mid-night, when the moon-light filled a valley far below,  
 And a river darkly glinted by the willows in a row,  
     Ever rolling, rolling, rolling—

Rolling by the leafless willows: tree and shadow were as one;  
 Tree and shadow, church and shadow, on the crusted surface thrown,  
 With the belfry, where the wind sang with a melancholy moan,  
     But the bell had stopped a-tolling:

Stopped a-tolling; yet the echoes of that ancient turret-bell  
 Seemed to linger in the landscape, and the cypress-shadows fell  
 Round a chaplet-crownéd column, with a sculptured pedestal  
     ‘To the memory of META!’

Oh, the pleasant nights of summer! when the lights shone from the hall,  
 Shining through the green grape-lattice, with the moon-beams over all,  
 When her foot-step on the threshold was the answer to my call;  
     And a boyish kiss to greet her,

Which I paid, was taken lightly, as when brothers sisters meet;  
 But the time crept slowly, surely, with inevitable feet,  
 And our partings were more bitter, as our meetings were more sweet:  
     But her cheek grew paler ever.

There was fearful news from Princeton! but the battle had been won:  
 There were spots upon the sword-belt, but my mother bound it on;  
 Bound her husband's blood-baptized scarf around his orphan son,  
     And her only son, who never

From the homestead had departed, now went forth with eager soul,  
 Looking forward in the future, pressing onward to the goal,  
 To the bugle's ringing music, and the drum's triumphant roll;  
     While my ardent fancy blended

META's love, and mother's blessing, with the bastion scaled and won;  
 With the cannon-shattered parapet our free flag floated on;  
 With the brow-wreathed victor's welcome when his labors were all done;—  
     Thus arose the vision splendid!

Then, at last, with eyes dilated, saw I, star-like, on the plain,  
 In the distance, lurid camp-fires, through the falling wintry rain,  
 And the *real* seemed a vision, just a phantasm of the brain;  
     Was the patriot-camp before me?

Was that crowded canvass-city filled with spirits, ardent, true?  
 Longing, eager for the death-clutch (here a heart-deep breath I drew)  
 With the Red-coat, Red-skin, Hessian—with the savage hireling crew?  
     I looked upward; and all o'er me,

Through the parted clouds, the free stars! Down I knelt upon the sod,  
 Praying there, as youth alone can pray, right-earnest up to God,  
 That His hand would loose Oppression's gyves, and break the tyrant's rod:  
     Then, with fervent joy elated,

Passed the out-posts. Where the vision now? the glory of the dream?  
 Where the torch-flashed cuirass? serried arms? the cannon's brazen gleam?  
 Where, the trophies? captives? victors? Ah, more like the vanquished seem  
 These, with aspects sorrow-sated!

By the smouldering fires of Valley-Forge I saw the spectral train,  
 Under canvas-rags, and pine-boughs, on the dreary, miry plain;  
 War-worn, famished, unprotected, in the chill December rain,  
 Yet, undaunted and defiant:

With great, watchful eyes, and bony hands, and blood-encrusted feet,  
 With their guns clenched by the watch-fires, in the driving rain and sleet,  
 These, who scorned privation, wounds, and toil, till vengeance was complete,  
 Uncomplaining — self-reliant!

Youth's a dream, but manhood's real; with that wintry night began  
 Life with me in earnest, comrades; in it I became a man;  
 Never more the glass shall glow that once with golden moments ran.  
 And if then I dreamed no longer —

If the bubble, glory-pictured, broke and vanished in my sight —  
 'T was a larger passion filled me, and my prayer, that dreary night,  
 As I lay beneath the pine-boughs, was, 'O God! protect the right!  
 Let him trample on his wronger —

'Him who suffers by oppression; let him trample in the dust,  
 In his boyhood, youth, and manhood, him, whose tyrant-fingers thrust  
 Forward, insolent and selfish, disregards the right and just;  
 Moved by hatred, envy, malice,

'Toward his peers — his fellow-creatures! whether master, chief, or king,  
 Bind the gyve, or weld the shackle; add the fetter, ring by ring:  
 Whether ruler, priest, or neighbor, let his own oppression bring  
 To his lips the bitter chalice!'

So prayed I, that night, my comrades, underneath the bough-piled roof.  
 Ere the morn, the burthened snow-clouds o'er us spread their shining woof:  
 As the sturdy pines around us, we, unbending, tempest-proof,  
 Throve amid the desolation:

Throve like them, though tempest-shaken; gathered strength from year to year,  
 Though Time rolled in fearful blood-tracks — blood of foes and comrades dear;  
 Monmouth, Eutaw, Camden, Guilford, losing there and gaining here:  
 Yet, 'mid sickness, wounds, privation,

Throve the green life of our mission, till arose the triumph-shout,  
 When the British guns were silent, and above each dark redoubt  
 Twice the screaming, triple rockets flung their starry radiance out,  
 And our flying foes, in terror,

'Mid the gathering storm and darkness, launched their transports to the blast;  
 Fast and free the rolling river; fast and free the wrecks were cast  
 Shoreward, and the Yorktown trumpets told the startled world at last,  
 Right had triumphed over Error!

Homeward now, the wars are over; homeward, never more to rove:  
 Ah, what memories cluster round me! ah, what promised transports move!  
 Fire-side faces — homestead-gossip — mother's blessing — MARY's love —  
 On and ever onward bore me —

Till I hear the fatal story; till I see the graves below,  
 As I stand beneath the hemlocks, in the drear December-snow:  
 Near them rolls the rapid river; dark its sullen waters flow:  
 'And the world is all before me!'

## A COURT-SCENE AT PUDDLEFORD.

FROM 'THE PUDDLEFORD PAPERS.'

My intercourse with the inhabitants of Puddleford had been frequent during the summer; and my acquaintance with them had now become quite general. One morning in the month of September, I was visited by a constable, who very authoritatively served upon me a venire, which commanded me to be and appear before Jonathan Longbow, at his office in the village of Puddleford, at one o'clock, P. M., to serve as a jurymen in a case then and there to be tried between Philista Filkins, plaintiff, and Charity Beadle, defendant, in an action of slander, etc. The constable remarked, after reading this threatening legal epistle to me, that I had better 'be up to time, as Squire Longbow was a man who would not be trifled with;' and then leisurely folding it up, and pushing it deep down in his vest-pocket, he mounted his horse, and hurried away in pursuit of the balance of the panel. Of course, I could not think of being guilty of a contempt of court, after having been so solemnly warned of the consequences; and I was therefore promptly on the spot according to command.

Squire Longbow held his court at the public house, in a room adjoining the bar-room, because the statute prohibited his holding it in the bar-room itself. He was a law-abiding man, and would not violate a statute. I found on my arrival that the whole country, for miles around, had assembled to hear this interesting case. Men, women, and children had turned out and made a perfect holiday of it. All were attired in their best. The men were dressed in every kind of fashion, or rather all the fashions of the last twenty years were scattered through the crowd. Small-crown, steeple-crown, low-crown, wide-brim, and narrow-brim hats; wide-tail, stub-tail, and swallow-tail, high-collar, and low-collar coats; bagging and shrunken breeches; every size and shape of shirt-collar were there, all brought in by the settlers when they immigrated. The women had attempted to ape the fashions of the past; some of them had mounted a 'bustle' about the size of a bag of bran, and were waddling along under their load with great satisfaction. Some of the less ambitious were reduced to a mere bunch of calico. One man, I noticed, carried upon his head an old-fashioned bell-crowned hat, with a half-inch brim; a shirt-collar running up tight under his ears, tight enough to lift him from the ground; (this ran out in front of his face to a peak, serving as a kind of cut-water to his nose;) a faded blue coat, of the genuine swallow-tail breed; a pair of narrow fall-breeches that had passed so often through the wash-tub, and were so shrunken, that they appeared to have been strained on over his limbs; this individual, reader, was walking about with his hands in his pockets, perfectly satisfied, whistling Yankee-Doodle and other patriotic airs. Most of the women had something frizzled around their shoes, which were

called pantalettes, giving their extremities the appearance of the legs of so many bantam hens.

The men were amusing themselves pitching coppers and quoits, running horses, and betting upon the result of the trial to come off, as every one was expected to form some opinion of the merits of the case.

The landlord of the Eagle was, of course, very busy. He bustled about, here and there, making the necessary preparations. Several pigs and chickens had gone the way of all flesh, and were baking and stewing for the table. About once a quarter, 'old Stub' 'moistened his clay,' as he called it, with a little 'rye,' so as to 'keep his blood a-stirring.' Mrs. 'Stub Bulliphant' was busy, too. *She* was a perfect whirlwind. Her temper was made of tartaric acid. Her voice might be heard above the confusion around, giving directions to one, and a 'piece of her mind' to another. She was the landlady of the Eagle, beyond all doubt, and no one else. Better die than doubt that.

'Bulliphant!' screamed she, at the top of her lungs; 'Bulliphant, you great lout, you! what in the name of massy-sakes, are you about? No fire! no wood! no water in! How, in all created natur', do you 'spose a woman can get dinner? Furization alive, why don't you speak? Sally Ann? I say, Sally Ann! come right here this minute! Go down cellar and get a junk of butter, some milk, and then, I say, Sally Ann? do you hear me, Sally Ann? go out to the barn and — run! run! you careless hussy, to the store! the pot's boiling over!'

And so the old woman's tongue ran on hour after hour.

At a little past one, the court was convened. A board, placed upon two barrels across the corner of the room, constituted the desk of Squire Longbow, behind which his honor's solitary dignity was caged. Pettifoggers and spectators sat outside. This was very proper, as Squire Longbow was a great man, and some mark of distinction was due. Permit me to describe him. He was a little, pot-bellied person, with a round face, bald head, swelled nose, and had only one eye, the remains of the other being concealed with a green shade. He carried a dignity about him that was really oppressive to by-standers. He was the 'end of the law' in Puddleford; and no man could sustain a reputation who presumed to appeal from his decisions. He settled accounts, difficulties of all sorts, and even established land-titles; but of all things, he prided himself upon his knowledge of constitutional questions. The Squire always maintained that hard-drinking was 'agin' the Constitution of the United States, and so, he said, 'Judge Story once informed him by letter, when he applied to him for aid in solving this question.' 'There is no such thing as slander,' the Squire used to say, 'and so he had always decided, as every person who lied about another, knew he ought not to be believed, because he *was* lying, and therefore the '*quar-animer*,' as the books say, is wanting.' (This looked rather bad for 'Filkin's' case.) Sometimes Squire Longbow rendered judgments, sometimes decrees, and sometimes he divided the cause between both parties. The Squire said 'he never could submit to the letter of the law; it was agin' personal liberty; and so Judge Story decided.' 'Precedents, as they were called, he would n't mind, not even his own; because then there would n't be any room left for a man to change his



mind. If,' said the Squire, 'for instance, I fine Pet. Sykes to-day, for knocking down Job Bluff, that is no reason why I should fine Job Bluff to-morrow for knocking down Pet. Sykes, because they are entirely different persons. Human natur' ain't the same.' 'Contempt of Court,' the Squire often declared, 'was the worst of all offences. He did n't care so much about what might be said agin' Jonathan Longbow, but *Squire* Longbow, Justice of the Peace, must and should be protected ;' and it was upon this principle that he fined Phil. Beardsley ten dollars for contradicting him in the street.

'Generally,' the Squire says, 'he renders judgment for the plaintiff,' because he never issues a process without hearing his story, and determining the merits. 'And do n't the plaintiff know more about his rights than all the witnesses in the world?' 'And even where he has a jury,' the Squire says, 'that it is his duty to apply the law to the facts, and the facts to the law, so that they may avoid any illégál verdict.'

The Court, as I said, was convened. The Squire took his seat, opened his docket, and lit his pipe. He then called the parties :

'Philista Filkins!' 'Charity Beadle!'

'Here,' cried a back-woods pettifogger, 'I'm for Philista Filkins; am always on hand at the tap of the drum, like a thousand of brick.'

This man was a character; a pure specimen of a live western pettifogger. He was called Ike Turtle. He was of the snapping-turtle breed. He wore a white wool-hat; a bandana cotton-handkerchief around his neck; a horse-blanket vest, with large horn-buttons; and corduroy pantaloons; and he carried a bull's-eye watch, from which swung four or five chains across his breast.

'Who answers for Charity Beadle?' continued the Squire.

'I answer for myself,' squeaked out Charity; 'I hain't got any counsel, 'cause he's on the jury.'

'On the jury, ha! Your counsel's on the jury! Sile Bates, I suppose. Counsel is guaranteed by the Constitution—it's a personal right—let Sile act as your counsel, then.'

And so Sile stepped out in the capacity of counsel.

'Charity Beadle!' exclaimed the Squire, drawing out his pipe and laying it on his desk, 'stand up and raise your right hand!'

Charity arose.

'You are charged with slandering Philista Filkins, with saying 'She warn't no better than she ought to be;,' and if you were believed when you said so, it is my duty, as a peace-officer, to say to you that you have been guilty of a high offence, and may the LORD have mercy on your soul. What do you say?'

'Not guilty, Squire Longbow, by an eternal sight, and told the truth, if we are,' replied Bates. 'Beside, we plead a set-off.'

'I say 'tis false! you are!,' cried Philista, at the top of her lungs.

'Silence!' roared Longbow: 'the dignity of this court shall be preserved.'

'Easy, Squire, a little easy,' grumbled a voice in the crowd, proceeding from one of Philista's friends; 'never speak to a woman in a passion.'

'I fine that man one dollar for contempt of court, whoever he is!'

exclaimed the Squire, as he stood upon tip-toe, trying to catch the offender with his eye.

'I guess 't warn't nothing but the wind,' said Bates.

The Squire took his seat, put his pipe in his mouth, and blew out a long whiff of smoke.

'Order being restored, let the case now proceed,' he exclaimed.

Ike opened his case to the jury. He said Philista Filkins was a maiden lady of about forty; some called her an *old* maid, but that warn't so, not by several years; her teeth were as sound as a nut, and her hair as black as a crow. She was a nurse, and had probably given more lobelia, pennyroyal, catnip, and other roots and herbs, to the people of Puddleford, than all the rest of the women in it. Of course she was a kind of *peramrulatory* being. (The Squire here informed the jury that *peramrulatory* was a legal word, which he would fully explain in his charge.) That is, she was obliged to be out a great deal, night and day, and in consequence thereof, Philista Filkins had slandered her, and completely ruined her reputation, and broken up her business to the damage of ten dollars.

Bates told the Court that he had 'no jurisdiction in an action of slander.'

Longbow advised Bates not to repeat the remark, as 'that was a kind of contempt.'

Some time had elapsed in settling preliminaries, and at last the cause was ready.

'We call Sonora Brown!' roared out Ike, at the top of his lungs.

'No, you do n't,' replied the Squire. 'This Court is adjourned for fifteen minutes; all who need refreshment will find it at the bar in the next room; but do n't bring it in here; it might be agin' the statute.'

And so the Court adjourned for fifteen minutes.

There was a rush to the bar-room, and old Stub Bulliphant rolled around among his whiskey-bottles like a ship in a storm. Almost every person drank some, judging from the remarks, 'to wet their whistle;' others, 'to keep their stomachs easy;' some 'to Filkins;' others 'to Beadle,' etc., etc.

Court was at last convened again.

'Sonora Brown!' roared out Ike again.

'Object!' exclaimed Sile; 'no witness; hain't lived six months in the State.'

Squire Longbow slowly drew his pipe from his mouth, and fixed his eyes on the floor in deep thought for several minutes:

'Hain't lived six months in the State,' repeated he, at last; 'ain't no resident, of course, under our Constitution.'

'And how, in all created airth, would you punish such a person for perjury? I should like just to know,' continued Sile, taking courage from the Squire's perplexed state of mind; 'our laws don't bind residents of other States.'

'But it is n't certain Mrs. Brown will lie, because she is a non-resident,' added the Squire, cheering up a little.

'Well! very well, then,' said Sile, ramming both hands into his breeches-pockets very philosophically; 'go ahead, if you wish, subject

to my objection. I'll just appeal, and blow this Court into fiddle-strings! This cause won't breathe three times in the Circuit! We won't be rode over; we know our rights, I just kinder rather think.'

'Go it, Sile!' cried a voice from the crowd; 'stand up to your rights, if you bust!'

'Silence!' exclaimed Squire Longbow.

Ike had sat very quietly, inasmuch as the Squire had been leaning in his favor; but Sile's last remark somewhat intimidated his honor.

'May it please your honor,' said Ike, rising; 'we claim that there is no proof of Mrs. Brown's residency; your honor hain't got nothing but Sile Bates's say so, and what's that good for in a court of justice? I wouldn't believe him as far as you could swing a cat by the tail.'

'I'm with you on that,' cried another voice.

'Silence! put that man out!' roared Longbow again.

But just as Ike was sitting down, an ink-stand was hurled at him by Sile, which struck him on his shoulder, and scattered its contents over the crowd. Several missiles flew back and forth; the Squire leaped over his table, crying out at the top of his lungs:

'In the name of the people of the State of —, I, James Longbow, Justice of the Peace, duly elected and qualified, do command you.'

When, at last, order was restored, the counsel took their seats, and the Squire retired into his box again.

Sonora Brown was then called for the third time. She was an old lady, with a pinched-up black bonnet, a very wide ruffle to her cap, through which the gray hairs strayed. She sighed frequently and heavily. She said she did n't know as she knew 'any thing worth telling on.' She did n't know 'any thing about law-suits, and did n't know how to swear.' After running on with a long preliminary about herself, growing warmer and warmer, the old lady came to the case under much excitement. She said 'she never did see such works in all her born days.' Just because Charity Beadle said 'Philista Filkins warn't no better than she ought to be,' there was *such* a hullabaloo and kick-up, enough to set all natur' crazy!

'Why la! sus me!' continued she, turning around to the Squire, 'do *you* think this such a dre'ful thing, that all the whole town has got to be set together by the ears about it? Mude-ra-tion! what a hum-drum and flurry!'

And then the old lady stopped and took a pinch of snuff, and pushed it up very hard and quick into her nose.

Ike requested Mrs. Brown not to talk so fast, and only answer such questions as he put to her.

'Well, now, that's nice,' she continued. 'Warn't I sworn, or was't you? and to tell the truth, too, and the *whole* truth. I warn't sworn to answer your questions. Why, may-be you don't know, Mr. Pettifogger, that there are folks in State's-prison *now* for lying in a Court of Justice?'

Squire Longbow interfered, and stated that 'he must say that things were going on very 'promis'cusly,' quite agin' the peace and dignity of the State.'

'Jest so I think myself,' added Mrs. Brown. 'This place is like a town-meeting, for all the world.'

'Mrs. So-no-ra Brown!' exclaimed Ike, rising on his feet, a little enraged, 'do you know any thing about what Charity Beadle said about Philista Filkins? Answer *this* question.'

'Whew! fiddle-de-dee! highty-tighty! so you have really broke loose, Mr. Pettifogger,' for now the old lady's temper *was* up. 'Why, did n't you know I was old enough to be your grandmother? Why, my boy,' continued she, hurrying on her spectacles, and taking a long look at Ike, 'I know'd your mother when she made cakes and pies down in the *Jarseys*; and *you* when you warn't more than *so* high;' and she measured about two feet high from the floor. 'You want me to *answer*, do you? I told you all I know'd about it; and if you want any thing more, I guess you'll have to get it, that's all;' and, jumping up, she left the witness-stand, and disappeared in the crowd.

'I demand an attachment for Sonora Brown!' roared out Ike, 'an absconding witness!'

'Can't do it,' replied the Squire; 'it's agin' the Constitution to deprive any body of their liberty an unreasonable length of time. This witness has now been confined here by process of law morn-a-nour. Can't do it! Be guilty of trespass! Must stick to the Constitution. Call your next witness.'

Ike swore. The Squire fined him one dollar. He swore again. The Squire fined him another. The faster the Squire fined, the faster the oaths rolled out of Ike's mouth, until the Squire had entered ten dollars against him. Ike swore again, and the Squire was about to record the *eleventh* dollar, but Ike checked him.

'Hold on! hold on! you *old reprobate*! now I've got you! now you are mine!' exclaimed he. 'You are up to the limit of the law! You cannot inflict only ten dollars in fines in any one case! Now stand and take it!'

And such a volley of oaths, cant phrases, humor, wrath, sarcasm, and fun, sometimes addressed to the Squire, sometimes to the audience, and sometimes to his client, never rolled out of any other man's mouth since the flood. Ike commenced with the history of the Squire, when, as he said, 'he was *a* rafting lumber down on the *Susquehannas*;' and he followed him up from that time. 'He *could* tell the reason why he came west, but would n't.' He commented on his personal appearance, and his capacity for the office of Justice. He told him 'he had n't only one eye, any way, and he could n't be expected to see a great way into a mill-stone; and he did n't believe he had as many brains as an *ister*. For his part, *he* knew the law; he had ransacked every part of the statute, as a glutton would Noah's Ark for the remnant of an eel; he had digested it from Dan to Beersheba; swallowed every thing but the title-page and cover, and would have swallowed that if he warn't mortal; he was a living, moving law himself; when he said '*law was law, 't was law*;' better '*peal any thing up from predestination than from his opinion*! he would follow this case to the back-side of sun-down for his rights.'

During all this time, there was a complete uproar. Philista's friends cheered and hurrahed; the dogs in the room set up their barking; Beadle's friends groaned, and squealed, and bellowed, and whimpered, and

imitated all the domestic animals of the day, while the Squire was trying at the top of his lungs to compel the constable to commit Ike for contempt.

Ike closed and sat down. The Squire called for the constable, but he was not to be found. One man told him that 'he was in the next room pitching coppers;' another, that the last time he saw him 'he was running very fast;' another, that 'he rather guessed he'd be back some time another, if he ever was, because he was a sworn officer;' another asked the Squire 'what he'd give to have him *caught*?' but no constable appeared; he had put himself out the way to escape the storm.

A long silence followed this outburst; not a word was said, and scarcely a noise heard. Every one was eagerly looking at the Squire for his next movement. Ike kept his eyes on the floor, apparently in a deep study. At last he arose:

'Squire,' said he, 'we've been under something of a press of steam for the last half 'our; I move we adjourn fifteen minutes for a drink.'

'Done,' answered the Squire; and so the Court adjourned for a second time.

It was now nearly dark, when the Court convened again. The trial of the cause, *Filkins vs. Beadle*, was resumed.

Seth Bolles was called. Seth was a broad-backed, double-fisted fellow, with a blazing red face, and he chewed tobacco continually. He was about two-thirds 'over the bay,' and did n't care for all the Filkinses or Beadles in the world.

'Know Filkins and Beadle?' inquired Ike.

'Know 'em? thunder, yes.'

'How long?'

'Ever sin' the year one.'

'Ever heard Beadle say any thing about Filkins?'

'Heard her say she thought she run'd too much arter Elik Timberlake.'

'Any thing, Seth, about Filkins' character?'

'Now what do you 'spose I know about Filkins' character? Much as I can do to look arter my own wimmin.'

'But have you heard *Beadle say* any thing about Filkins' character?'

'Heard her say once she was a good enough-er-sort-a body when she was a-mind-er-be.'

'Any thing else?'

'Shan't answer; hain't had my reg'lar fees paid as witness.'

Squire Longbow informed Seth that he must answer.

'Shan't do it, not so long as my name is Bolls.'

The Squire said he would commit him.

'W-h-e-w!' drawled out Bolls, stooping down, and putting his arms a-kimbo, as he gave the Squire a long look straight in the eye.

'Order! order!' exclaimed the Squire.

'Whew! whew! whew *uo-uo-uo*! who's afraid of a Justice of the Peace?' screamed Seth, jumping up about a foot, and squirting out a gill of tobacco-juice, as he struck the floor.

Seth's fees were paid him, at last, and the question was again put, if

he heard 'Beadle say any thing else?' and he said '*He never did;*' and thus ended Seth's testimony.

Miss Eunice Grimes was next called. She came sailing forward and threw herself into the chair with a kind of jerk. She took a few side-long glances at Charity Beadle, which told, plainly enough, that she meant to make a finish of her in about five minutes. She was a vine-gar-faced old maid, and her head kept bobbing, and her body kept hitching, and now she pulled her bonnet this way, and now that. She finally went out of the fretting into the languishing mood, and declared she '*should die if some body did n't get her a glass of water.*'

When she became composed, Ike inquired if 'she knew Charity Beadle?'

'Yes! I know her to be an orful critter!'

'What has she done?'

'What hain't she? She's lied about me, and about Elder Dobbin's folks, and said how that when the singing-master boarded at our house, she seed lights in the sitting-room till past three—the orful critter!'

'But what have you heard her say about Philista Filkins?'

'Oh! every thing that's bad. She don't never say any thing that's good 'bout no body. She's allers talking. There ain't no body in the settlement she hain't slandered. She even abused old Deacon Snipes' horse—the orful critter!'

'But what did she say about *Philista Filkins*? ' repeated Ike again.

'What do you want me to say she said? I hain't got any doubt she's called her every thing she could think on. Did n't she, Filisty?' she continued, turning her head toward the plaintiff.

Philista nodded.

'Did she say she war'n't no better than she ought to be?'

'Did she? well, she did, and that very few people were.'

'Stop! stop!' exclaimed Ike, 'you talk too fast! I guess she did n't say *all* that.'

'She did, for Philista told me so; and she would n't lie for the whole race of Beadles.'

Squire Longbow thought Eunice had better retire, as she did n't seem to know much about the case.

She said she knew as much about it as any body; she wan't 'going to be abused, trod upon; and no man was a man that would insult a poor woman;' and bursting into tears of rage, she twitched out of her chair, and went sobbing away.

Philista closed, and Sile stated, in his opening to the Court on the part of the defense, that this was a '*little* the smallest case he ever *had* seen.' His client stood out high and dry; she stood up like Andes looking down on a potato-hill; he did n't propose to offer scarcely any proof; and that little was by way of set-off—tongue against tongue—according to the statute in such case made and provided; he hoped the Court would examine the law for himself. (Here Sile unrolled a long account against Philista, measuring some three feet, and held it up to the Squire and jury.) This, he said, was a reg'lar statement of the slanderous words used by Philista Filkins agin' Charity Beadle for the last three years, with the damage annexed; every thing had been itemized,



and kept in tip-top style; all in black and white, just as it happened. Sile was about reading this formidable instrument, when Ike objected.

'That can't be *did* in this 'ere Court!' exclaimed Ike; 'the light of civilization has shed itself a little *too* thick for *that*. This Court might just as well try to swallow a chestnut-burr, or a cat-tail foremost, as to get such a proposition a-down its throat.'

Squire Longbow said he'd 'never heer'd of such law — yet the question was new to him.'

'Laid down in all the law-books of the nineteenth century!' exclaimed Sile, 'and never heard on 't!'

'Never did.'

'Why,' continued Sile, 'the statute allows set-off where it is of the same natur' of the action. This, you see, is slander agin' slander.'

'True,' replied the Squire.

'True, did you say!' exclaimed Ike. '*You* say the statute *does* allow slander to be set off; *our* statute — that statute that I learned by heart before I knew my A B C's — you old bass-wood headed son' — But the Squire stopped Ike just at this time. 'We will decide the question first,' he said. 'The Court have made no decision yet.'

Squire Longbow was in trouble. He smoked furiously. He examined the statutes, looked over his docket, but he did not seem to get any light. Finally, a lucky thought struck him. He saw old Mr. Brown in the crowd, who had the reputation of having once been a Justice in the State of New-York. The Squire arose and beckoned to him, and both retired to an adjoining room. After about a half an hour, the Squire returned and took his seat, and delivered his opinion. Here it is:

'After an examination of all the p'int's both for and agin' the 'lowing of the set-off, in which the Court did n't leave no stone unturned to get at justice, having ransacked some half a dozen books from eend to eend, and noted down every thing that anywise bore on the subject; recollecting, as the Court well doz, what the great Story, who's now dead and gone, done and writ 'bout this very thing, (for we must be 'lowed to inform this 'sembly that we read Story in our juvenil' years;) having done this, and refreshing *our* minds with the testimony; and keeping in our eye the rights of parties — right-er liberty, and right-er speech, back'ards and for'ards — for I've as good a right to talk agin' you, as you have to talk agin' me — knowing, as the Court doz, how much blood has been shed 'cause folks wer n't 'lowed to talk as much as they pleased, making all natur' groan, the Court is of the opinion that the set-off must be let in; and such is also Squire Brown's opinion, and no body will contradict that, *I know*.'

'Je-hos-a-phat!' groaned out Ike, drawing one of his very longest breaths. 'The *great* Je-mi-ma Wilkinson! and so that *is* law, arter all! There's my hat, Squire,' Ike continued, as he arose and reached it out to him; 'and you shall have my *gallusses* as soon as I can get at 'em.'

The Squire said 'the dignity of the Court must be preserved.'

'Of course it must! of course it must!' replied Ike, who was growing very philosophical over the opinion of the Squire; 'there ain't no friction on my gudgeons *now*; I always gins in to reg'lar opinions, de-



livered upon consideration ; I was just thinking, though, Squire, that as their bill is so much the longest, and as the parties are both here, Charity had better let her tongue loose upon my client, and take out the balance on the spot.'

The Squire said 'the cause must go on.' Sile read his set-off, made up of slanderous words alleged to have been used ; damages fifty dollars ; and calling Charity herself, upon the principle, as he said, 'that it was a book-account, and her books were evidence ; and her books having been lost, the paper which he held, and which was a true copy — *for he made it out himself* — was the next best evidence ; all of which Charity would swear to straight along.'

The Court admitted Charity, and she swore the set-off through, and some fifty dollars more ; and she was going on horse-race speed, when Sile stopped her 'before,' as he told her, 'she swore the cause beyond the jurisdiction of a magistrate.'

Here the evidence closed. Mid-night had set in, and the cause was yet to be summed up.

The Court informed Ike and Sile that they were limited to half an hour each.

Ike opened the argument, and *such an opening, and such an argument !* It will not be expected that I can repeat it. There never lived a man who could. It covered all things mortal and immortal. Genius, and sense, and nonsense ; wit, humor, pathos, venom, and vulgarity, were all piled up together, and belched forth upon the Jury. He talked about the case, the Court, the Jury, his client, the history of the world, and Puddleford in particular. 'The slander was admitted,' he declared, 'because the defendant had tried to set off something *agin'* it ; and if his client did n't get a judgment, he'd make a rattling among the dry bones of the law, that would rouse the dead of '76 !' He was 'fifty feet front, and rear to the river ;' 'had seen great changes on the t'restrial globe ;' 'know'd all the sciences from *Neb-u-cud-nezzar* down ;' 'know'd law — 't was the milk of his existence.' As to the Court's opinion about the set-off, 'his head was chock full of cob-webs or bumble-bees, he did n't know which ;' 'his judgment warn't hardly safe on a common note-er-hand ;' 'he'd no doubt but that three jist such cases would run him stark mad ;' 'Natur' was sorry she'd ever had any thing to do with him ; and he'd himself been sorry ever since ; and as for ed'cation, he warn't up to the school-marm, for she *could* read ;' 'the Jury had better give him a verdict if they did n't want the nightmare.' And thus he was running on, when his half hour expired, but he could not be stopped — as well stop a tornado. So Sile arose, and commenced his argument for the defendant ; and at it both labored, Ike for plaintiff, Sile for defendant, until the Court swore a constable, and ordered the Jury to retire with him, the argument still going on ; and thus the Jury left the room, Ike and Sile following them up, laying down the law and the fact ; and the last thing I observed just before the door closed, was Ike's arm run through it at us, going through a variety of gestures, his expiring effort in behalf of his client.

After a long deliberation among the jurors, during which almost every thing was discussed but the evidence, it was announced by our

foreman, on 'coming in,' that 'we could not agree, four on 'em being for fifty dollars for the defendant 'cording to law, and one on 'em for no cause of action, (myself,) and he stood out, 'cause he was a-feard, or wanted to be pop'lar with somebody.'

And thus ended the trial between Filkins and Beadle.

# Y O U T H .

OMIT THE LAST TWO LINES OF EACH VERSE IN SINGING.

How passing fair is the season of Youth!  
The Spring-time of innocence, love, and truth:  
When the head is free, and the heart is light,  
And joys are pure, and hopes are bright:  
When a fellow is n't bald, and his hair is n't gray,  
And he has n't any taxes or rent to pay.

What has earth so fair as a happy child!  
With its joyous laugh, and its spirits wild;  
With its ready tear, and its readier smile,  
And its simple heart so free from guile:  
If it did n't sometimes neglect its nose,  
And tear large holes in its holiday clothes.

The years glide on: Youth heeds them not;  
Little reck's he of his mortal lot.  
Few are the sorrows that vex his heart;  
Short time sufficeth to heal the smart,  
When he cuts his finger, or bumps his head,  
Or, spanked and supperless, goes to bed.

Bright are the stars in the wintry skies,  
But brighter far a fair maiden's eyes:  
And her cheek doth shame the rose's bloom,  
And her breath the violet's perfume:  
Oh! how charming is 'sweet sixteen,'  
When its hair is n't mussed, and its hands are clean

And who but admires a bold, brave boy,  
His mother's pride, and his father's joy?  
With his open brow and his fearless eye,  
And his manly step, and his bearing high:  
When the scamp has just come home from college,  
With many cigars, and but little knowledge!

Who but hath sighed, full many a time,  
For the happy days of his youthful prime,  
Ere the whirl-wind over his hopes had blown,  
When grief and care were alike unknown:  
And gaily and proudly he flew o'er the course  
With a very 'loud' vest, and a very fast horse!

O Youth! O Youth! who would not be young?  
Well have the poets thy praises sung:  
Well may we sigh for the days that are past,  
Well may we sigh that they fled so fast:  
When our heads are bald, and our hairs are gray,  
And we've so many taxes and rents to pay!

## S K E T C H E S O F T R A V E L .

BY WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

## T H E S C O T T I S H B O R D E R .

'O, CALEDONIA, stern and wild —  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood,  
 Land of my sires !'

AND so the dream of boyhood was to be realised ! It was a clear, bright day in August, as, sitting on the top of an English stage-coach, I was rolled rapidly along the south side of the river Tweed. Across its sparkling waters was spread out the Scottish landscape. As we reached the centre of the stone bridge, I took off my hat and made a low bow to Scotland. In a minute more, we were dashing through the village of 'Cold-Stream.' Nearly two hundred years have gone by since General Monk here first raised that celebrated regiment, the '*Cold-Stream Guards*;' at the head of which he crossed the borders, and turned the tide of fortune in favor of the house of Stuart, restoring Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors. To this day, that regiment constitutes a feature in the British army; and it is said that there has been no period of time during the two centuries, when a descendant of the first commander was not numbered among its officers. My salutation to my ancestral land had not passed unnoticed, and I perceived at once that I had touched a chord which vibrated in the hearts of several of my fellow-travellers. The Scotch 'bluid' flowed more cheerily. Tongues were loosened, places of interest were pointed out, and every anxiety manifested to render my first introduction to the 'land o' cakes' both pleasant and profitable. The ruins of ancient castles, places rendered memorable in the border-feuds, were passed, and attention called to their interesting historical associations.

We crossed the *Till*. The little river rolled on sullen, as of old, in the days when the army of James was encamped near Flodden Field, and when, at the spot where we were, the English army were seen :

'By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,  
 Troop after troop is disappearing;  
 Troop after troop, their banners rearing,  
 Upon the eastern bank you see,  
 Still pouring down the rocky den  
 Where flows the sullen Till;  
 And rising from the dim-wood glen,  
 Standards on standards, men on men,  
 In slow succession still;  
 And bending o'er the Gothic arch,  
 And passing on, in ceaseless march,  
 To gain the opposing hill.'

Several years before, I had listened to an eloquent eulogy, pronounced by a distinguished American scholar, soon after the news reached the

United States of the death of Sir Walter Scott. The speaker stated that he was a member of an English University at the time that 'Marmion' first appeared, and he added, that he never read this scene without deep emotion; and especially, he said: 'Though several generations removed from a Scottish ancestry, I never read that thrilling exclamation,

'AND why stands Scotland idly now,  
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,  
Since England gains the pass the while,  
And struggles through the deep defile?'

without feeling my Scottish blood tingle in my veins.'

But standards and banners have long since mouldered, and mingled with the dust of the soldiers who carried them. All around was peace and beauty. The fields were loaded with grain ripened for the harvest, and the whole landscape smiled beneath the rays of a summer-sun. We passed through Kelso, merely stopping long enough to make my first Scottish dinner, chiefly of hodge-podge. The sun was setting as we drove into the good old town of Jedburgh. In the gloaming, I walked a lang Scotch mile through fields and over rising ground, to the cottage of Hundalee.

A warm welcome awaited me; and what was intended for a passing call upon those to whom I had letters of introduction from a distinguished mutual friend, was extended to a visit of several days. The cottage of Hundalee is situated near the banks of the river Jed; and overlooks a wide extent of rolling country, well-cultivated, and dotted over with residences, and spots which are rendered memorable by the events of many border wars. Stretching to the south, and running off to the west, and in full view from the cottage, are the Cheviot Hills, the great natural boundary between England and Scotland. To the north, and in full view from the highland back of the cottage, is seen the beautiful and far-famed valley of the Teviot, or Teviotdale.

The afternoons were devoted to a more extensive examination of the surrounding country, in company with the ladies in the carriage; but the mornings were spent most delightfully by my kind and agreeable host and myself, in more minute attentions to the objects of interest in the neighborhood. My host was a native of the county of Roxburghshire, and descended from a family whose name is illustrious in Scottish annals. His residence had been for years in London; and passing his summer in his native place, he took great pleasure in recounting its history and traditions. We wandered through the picturesque woods which adorn the banks of the river Jed. All around is full of historic interest. Here was the famous Jed forest. Here, both English and Scottish armies were encamped. Here was the favorite residence of the early Scottish kings. The men of Jedburgh were a warlike race, and their proud war-cry was, 'Jethart's here!' and the weapon which they used with great dexterity was the 'Jethart-staff.' In the days of border-feuds, men were said to have been hanged here first, and tried afterward; and hence came the proverb of 'Jethart justice.' The mansion still stands in Jedburgh, in which the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots resided. Here Thomson, the poet, spent his boyhood, and here

Sir David Brewster was born. But to me, the objects of most interest were the caves formed in the rocky banks of the river Jed, and which, local tradition declares, were the retreats of the Covenanters in the days of religious persecution. We spent a morning with a venerable man now gone to his rest, the fire of whose youth kindled up as he narrated the trials and the sufferings of his fathers. Obtaining from my kind friend the materials for lighting my way, I set out alone to explore one of these relics of a former age. Clambering down the side of precipitous rocks, holding on by the shrubs which grew in the crevices, I succeeded in gaining the entrance to the cave. The river Jed was far below, and a single man could have guarded the descent from above. A small passage-way led directly into a large room, apparently hewed out of the solid rock; from this, a low passage conducted to another room of equal size; each, perhaps, ten or twelve feet square. Descended from Scotch Covenanters myself, I could but feel sympathy with those who were driven by persecution to seek their abodes literally in the holes in the rocks. Here, as I sat down on a projecting stone, the walls dimly lighted by my single candle, my thoughts went back to the reign of the Stuarts, and to the religious troubles of those times.

They were stern and determined men, those old Scotch Covenanters. This rude cave had been their home when they little dreamed of the future; when their thoughts were of the surrounding dangers; and of their protection of, and adherence to, the sacred Covenant. But there was a future. Under better auspices, many of them found a home in the north of Ireland. But there, again, non-conformity cut them off from all connection with the affairs of government; and they found themselves still aliens and strangers under the government where they were born. It was the children and descendants of these men who formed the important emigration element to the North-American colonies, known as the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. The historian's pen must yet do them justice. They were deeply imbued with religious feelings. Like the Puritans, they may, at times, have seemed unnecessarily severe, but they were always lovers of liberty. Their creed and their church-government were opposed to despotism and to monarchy. As far back as 1603, James I., himself a bigot and a pedant, said of them profanely, that 'Presbytery agreed as well with monarchy, as God and the Devil;' and in 1661, his graceless grandson, Charles II., wrote to the Scotch councils, complaining that the Presbyterian form of church-government was inconsistent with monarchy, and adding: 'Wherefore, we declare our firm resolution to interpose our royal authority for restoring the Church of Scotland to its right government by bishops, as it was before the late troubles.' He had himself subscribed the Covenant which he now sought to avoid. It was this opposition to monarchy which, to a certain extent, caused their persecutions. But wherever they went, they carried their principles of civil liberty. In the American colonies, they still cherished them. They scattered over the granite hills of New-Hampshire, they were found on the head-waters of the Susquehanna in New-York, in the valley of the Shenandoah in Virginia, and on the uplands of Carolina. In the commencement of revolutionary troubles, they raised, at Mechlenburg,

the first voice in favor of the entire independence of the United States, and during the war, the muster-roll was handed round at the doors of their meeting-houses ; and there were few able-bodied men among them who were not enrolled in the American army ; and they, like the men of Massachusetts, left their bones 'mouldering in the soil of every state, from Maine to Georgia.' As I sat, therefore, upon the rude seat where the hymns had been chanted and the voices raised in prayer, where new pledges had been given, amid danger and death—I could but think how well their descendants had completed the mission of those iron men.

On returning home, I found a neighbor had been invited to dinner ; and, in compliment to my Scottish descent, and my first visit, he had brought with him a *Scotch haggis*. Perhaps he feared that my host, from his long residence in England, had forgotten its composition, or that his good English wife was perhaps never acquainted with it. At all events, there it was, and in truth it was 'vara gude ;' and one might say with Burns :

'FAIR fa' your honest, soursie face,  
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!  
Aboon them a' ye tak' your place—  
Painch, tripe, or thirm:  
Weel are ye worthy of a grace  
As lang's my arm.

'Ye pow'rs wha mak' mankind your care,  
And dish them out their bill-o'-fare!  
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware  
That jaups in luggies;  
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,  
Gie her a *haggis* !'

The stars were shining ere our neighbor-friend took his leave. Instead of following the road, he started in a line almost direct for his house, through field and wood-land. The night was still, and as Mr. K—— and myself stood out on the lawn in front of the cottage, we could hear the sound of his horse's foot-steps, as he galloped along the rocky bank of the Jed. 'There goes a man,' said my host, 'who, if he had lived in the days of English and Scottish feuds, would have been as brave a moss-trooper as ever crossed the borders.'

But I had, on the following morning, renewed evidence of his kindness ; for, after an early breakfast, I found two fine Scottish horses ready saddled, one for myself, and one for a servant. With horses and servant, I was to commence my examination of Dryburgh, Melrose, Abbotsford, etc. I had proposed a drive in a gig. It would be a shame, he said, for a gentleman of Scottish descent to travel in so unseemly a manner. I submitted myself to his direction ; and right glad I was that I did so, as I felt the exhilaration of the morning-air, when galloping along under the Eildon Hills, or dashing through the silver Tweed.

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A BURNS TRIBUTE

'FAIR FLORA strikes th' adoring eye,  
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine,  
I see the sire of LOVE on high,  
And own his work indeed divine !'

## T R A F A L G A R .

\*Never did the ocean exhibit a grander spectacle than was presented by the British fleet bearing down on the combined squadrons of France and Spain, at noon on the twenty-first of October, 1805, a few leagues to the north-west of Cape Trafalgar. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz; the English ships, crowding all their canvas, moved majestically before it. Right before them lay the mighty armament of the foe, the sun shining full on their close-set sails, and the three-deckers which it contained appearing of stupendous magnitude amid the lesser line-of-battle ships by which they were surrounded.

ALISON.

Soft blew the Southern breeze  
O'er the blue Atlantic-seas —  
Soft and free;  
Off the surf of Cadiz' bay,  
The banded navies lay  
In battle-line, away  
Out at sea!

Green smiled the shores of Spain,  
With their vineyards and their grain,  
O'er the wave;  
And each Spaniard, on his deck,  
As he viewed that shining speck,  
Swore to conquer — or, in wreck,  
Find a grave.

On their forty gallant sail,  
Fair blew the scented gale  
O'er the brine;  
The sun-shine glittered bright  
On their canvas, snowy-white,  
As, appalled for the fight,  
Closed their line.

With bold, majestic sweep,  
Careering o'er the deep,  
England comes!  
Her meteor-flag, on high,  
From each mast-head in the sky  
Tells that all must win or die  
For her homes!

Now, all is hushed as death;  
Not a whisper, not a breath,  
Is there heard:  
Each seaman, stripped for fight,  
Grasps his gun-match, all alight,  
And to NELSON turns his sight,  
For the word!

The 'Royal Sovereign' first  
Through the ranks of battle burst  
Her proud way;  
With a long-resounding roar,  
Her double-broadsides pour  
An iron tempest o'er  
Their array.

Though enveloped by your foes,  
With unnumbered odds you close,  
COLLINGWOOD!  
Though your crashing bulwarks fall,  
Still, no storm of shell or ball  
Your valor may appall,  
On the flood.

Though his deck with carnage runs,  
Still, with triple-shotted guns,  
On he steers!  
Hid in suffocating smoke,  
Amid flame and sabre stroke,  
Loud shout his 'hearts-of-oak'  
British cheers!



Then Lord Nelson, calm and proud  
 His ship amid that crowd  
 Bravely hurled;  
 And upon the deck of fame,  
 And amid that hell of flame,  
 He departed; but his name  
 Thrilled the world.

But they told him, ere he died,  
 That the hostile navies' pride  
 Was abased:  
 Spain's flag, of old renown,  
 Gaul's tri-color, were down,  
 And their battered hulks were strown  
 O'er the waste.

Napoleon's vaunted fleet,  
 Dismantled, in retreat,  
 Bled with gore:  
 They were blazing o'er the wave—  
 They were sinking in the grave!  
 Farewell unto the Brave,  
 Ever more!

ISAAC MACLELLAN

*Jamaica-Plain, November, 1853.*

## LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

BY ALFRED F. FERRY.

THE characters of remarkable men, for the most part, appear to their contemporaries alloyed with personal and selfish motives, and attended by the foibles which reduce them to a level with their race. Present events are like those stage-decorations, which, closely inspected, are rough and unattractive, but which, seen farther off, present the appearance of completeness and magnificence. On the other hand, whatever is ancient, is dimly seen through the lapse of ages, and comes to us like the farthest orbs discovered by astronomers, surrounded by a dreamy and mysterious halo.

A mind susceptible to the higher order of emotions, and not closed against the allurements of history, will, almost of necessity, in its contemplative moods, stretch away through distance of time or of space in search of those illusions which please the fancy and satisfy the cravings for ideal perfection. This tendency is so strong, that the present generation seems but half aware that it stands barely one remove from a period more brilliant in most respects than any which preceded it; that an age magnificently resplendent has so recently departed, that its beams are yet gilding our horizon, and that to pierce behind it for the discovery of man in his highest modes, is like searching for planets directly through the effulgent disc of the sun.

There is an island, only of the seventh magnitude, presenting a surface of less than ninety thousand square miles, which gives law to various and opposite quarters of the globe, and holds a leading position among the powers of the earth. Her general disposition is domineering and covetous. She is boastful of her valor, although she has been several times conquered. She is much at war, striking mercenary blows

at weak and untutored nations, to extend the opportunity and enhance the profits of traffic. She is an armed merchant, owing debts she can never pay, yet gathering money every where. Her soil, bounteously responsive to the labors of the husbandman, is apportioned in large domains among her powerful princes and aristocracy, who cultivate in the midst of redundant wealth the graces of a generous and magnificent luxury. But her government, bearing up the privileges of social caste, and the maxims of its feudal origin against the equalizing tendencies of commerce and the arts, tolerates an inequality of condition so gross, that her multitudes cry often in vain for bread. She is loyal to her kings, but without chivalry, for they are borrowed. For six centuries, she has not been ruled by a dynasty native to the realm. Upon a close scrutiny of her character, in the aggregate, it presents few heroic, few generous traits, not even an habitual regard for justice. Yet, when her power shall have crumbled, as that of Rome and Nineveh have done before it, she will have left the trace of ruins more mighty than they. The lengthening shadows of her decay will inspire with poetic melancholy the imagination of mankind. The historic muse will swell her praises, and, not unjustly, will hang her memory with beautiful garlands. It will be declared that there existed a nation over against the continent of Europe; amid the eternal anthem of the northern seas, abounding in wealth, famous for the strength of her men, and the beauty of her women. That her orators, more numerous by far than those of earlier ages, were not less powerful. That her poets and philosophers were many of them inspired to that degree, that their works can never die. That her fleets forth issuing from her harbors, like broods of young eagles from an inaccessible eyrie, swept in triumph the remotest seas. That her palaces and temples, in numbers uncounted, combining the architectural splendors of all the schools, were decorated with trophies; and that the whole earth was filled with the renown of her agriculture, her laws, her literature, her arts, and her arms.

The fate of other nations, which for longer or shorter periods overshadowed their neighbors, 'first in the race that led to glory's goal,' and deeming that glory imperishable, but now

'GONE—glimmering through the dream of things that were

A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!'

renders it no presumption thus to anticipate the opinion of coming ages upon the story of Great Britain, when it shall have dwindled to a legend. It may also be anticipated that the culminating point of her greatness will be dated from the latter years of the eighteenth century to the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth.

Looking, then, for the individual Englishman, who, more than any other, shaped the policy of the epoch, an attempt to portray his life and character must, if successful, be full of popular interest.

Had you been able to look in upon the British House of Commons, in the year 1784, you would have seen a body of some three hundred men of various sorts; mostly men distinguished in some of the various walks of life, from the army, from the navy, from the bar; scholars,

poets, orators, and men of business. The country just emerged from unsuccessful wars; shorn of her most valuable colonies; and with finances disordered, was turning home an unflattering self-scrutiny. The gaze of her public men was piercing each other, for the causes of national disaster. Peace was but half welcome, and peace without glory was the seed of discontent. In the heat of fervent discussion, political parties were losing their temper. To them the occasion appeared, to be more than usual a strife for individual ascendancy and party success. But looking back upon it with the knowledge of subsequent events, it seems almost as if the public mind was preparing itself for the critical and sanguinary period then unforeseen, but near at hand; as if the qualities of men, ambitious of public service, were being providentially tested; and as if, while yet tenacious of party association, there was an instinctive, unacknowledged groping for a leadership capable of facing emergencies, however delicate, however appalling. There was Burke, whose writings and speeches at once took their place among the established classics, and are now almost as much read and quoted as the writings of Shakspeare. There was Fox, the gigantic, whose eloquence was and is compared with that of Demosthenes. There was Sheridan, the inimitable, his invective bitter, his pathos moving, his wit irresistible. These, with others, by no means insignificant, but of less note, including a majority of the entire body, constitute one party.

On the other side, is bluff Harry Dundas, always cheerful, always ready, always formidable, but never great. There is also the pale and modest Wilberforce, not always to be counted as a party man; too feeble in health to admit of frequent participation in the contest, but sometimes roused, and when up and in the mood, a man of surprising ability. There are also old parliamentaries and debaters, with too much power to be lightly treated, but not necessary to be named here. Chiefly and most of all the weight of the battle rests upon one young man, of about the age of twenty-five years. All eyes are turned to him. His bosom receives the heaviest blows from the other party; his arm strikes the heaviest in return. He is so young to become already the central figure of that notable assemblage! He stands so by himself, fighting against odds apparently so overwhelming! Attempting to bear up and make head against predominance so decided, both of fame and numbers! Yet you see clearly enough that it is a position deliberately taken, and that he stands there to stake his hopes upon it. He seeks no facility for escape. He yields nothing. The language of his manner is, 'Here I am. This is my ground. I am not here for nothing. I wish to lead England, and to write my name on her pages; but I will lead in this direction, and in this manner only. I am ambitious, but it is a noble ambition to deserve well of my country. I am in peril, but my danger was fully anticipated, and the cost counted. It does not appal me. I am here to fight it out, and accept the fate, be that fate good or bad, which my king and the voice of England shall award. Here shall my prospects be for ever buried, or here will I triumph.'

He is backed by no well-organized party, and but recently, indeed, has been side by side with some of the strongest of his present opponents. A new turn of affairs and a marked individuality of character have at-

tracted the confidence of his King, and made him a nucleus for new political arrangements. The angry waves of controversy, often crested with fury, and always driven with the moral power of a considerable numerical majority, have long been rolling against him, and each successive billow has threatened to engulf him. Long and fierce has been the struggle which now draws to a crisis. Worn and battered, he maintains his footing. The waves have not only been broken, but have sometimes been turned back with an unexpected recoil. Enough has been gained to prevent despair, and to kindle some gleams of hope, perhaps illusory. He yet stands implacable, planted upon a force of will, no more to be bent or broken than a rock, and has even rallied from among his opponents a cluster of friends. But strife cannot last always. Power, often accumulated, and now wrought up to its grandest exertion, or endurance often drawn upon for its last resource, must give way under the strain of an extreme effort. That effort you now behold. If, by concentrating all the elements of aggression into a single demonstration, they can roll upon the young aspirant one more wave, so mountain-high, one more majority so large as to show that they, and not he, have gained ground, he must be swept away. The broad elaborations of Burke, picturesque and looming, move portentous across the view, and close in the horizon. The light of Sheridan's wit is out upon the scene; now playing in harmless flashes, now shooting from point to point in lurid zig-zags, now leaping upon and seizing prominent objects, burning, scathing, rending. The slow thunder of Fox rumbles not long in the distance, but comes booming, crashing in upon the field. Now is the hour of fate.

If the young aspirant can once more stretch forth his hands to the storm, and command it to be still; if he can once more breast its surging tide, and break its force; if, above all, he can, by a herculean movement, heave it backward upon his foes, they will be dispersed, and can never rally. Fame will be his, and triumph without a parallel! He will have scaled those solitary heights, where the verdure of social affections is never seen; where the flowers of sympathy never bloom; around whose arid summits, swept by detraction's bitter winds, for ever plays the burning gaze of men; but where rugged ambition seats itself in glory, and looks down upon the world like a god! Oh, rapture! was it not for this that he had forsworn the pleasures of youth, and made himself old before his time? Was not this the vision which made tables of dry statistics to him a solace? Was not this the necromancy whose mysterious wand had made the troubled pools of taxation to his taste sweet as fresh waters from the fountains of Castalia? Was it not for this he had laid out the garden of his dreams into blooming parterres of politicians, and filled the vases of his fancy with fragrant financial budgets? To lift his country from the slough of discouragement into which she had fallen, to gird her loins with new strength, to advance her happiness, and receive her gratitude! Ecstatic thought! glorious fruition! now or never to be his! He will open his heart to England; it is all hers. He rises to reply. There is in his personal appearance no marked indication of superiority, save some dilation of stature and new beaming expression of the eye, indicating perhaps consciousness

that his time is at hand, and signs which certainly carry no joy to his opponents. His voice is one of those indescribably excellent ones, which Nature bestows but rarely, and which she has denied to many of her most successful orators. His command of language is easy and sufficient. He displays an obvious familiarity with approved and classic models, together with practised and earnest elocution. But blows are to be struck; and words and gestures are nothing, except as the vehicle of thought. He parries and throws back upon his opponents, with easy self-possession, the arrows of their shining dialectics; then pushes forward with a giant's grasp to the strong points of their array. A sincere, patriotic, absorbing devotion to the public service of the kingdom, rendering him familiar with all its history and its dangers, and its chances for success, beams from his countenance, and informs every gesture. A sense of honor, exalted to generosity, and warmed by the fires of youth, illumines his ambition and unbinds the fetters which have banded his foes in party array to crush him. They waver. He mounts with his theme to a masterly impeachment of the policy of his adversaries, dissects their arguments, disjoins their syllogisms, carries their position by open assault, and plays thence upon their disheartened forces, torrents of wit, and ridicule — wit that blasts, and ridicule that penetrates to the marrow. Why is Fox uneasy? What is the matter with Burke? Why does the smile of Sheridan, half born upon his pleasant countenance, twist unconsciously into a deprecating and rueful grin? Has he become the victim of a scalpel more keen and merciless than his own? But the speaker occupies not much time with the small-arms of battle. He strikes for England and for fame. Just in advance, he beholds the pinnacle. He soberly and fairly acknowledges the embarrassments of his position, explains so much of his purposes as he chooses to explain, and allows full play to the beautiful visions of hope:—the public service regenerated, England made whole of her wounds, mistress of the seas, and dictating terms to her enemies. Then, drawing to a close, he touches the key-note of English feelings, by launching out that incomparably charming voice into a noble and pathetic dedication of himself to the service of his King, and to the support of the power and glory of the British Empire. The storm is ended. Qualities, dear to Englishmen, have caused them to see above him the bow of promise. The vote counted shows that his enemies are scattered and dwindled to nothing. He is henceforth, during his life, the undisputed first man of England.

To such as are acquainted with English history, this description will be known to apply to no other than William Pitt, sometimes called the Great Minister. He who, at an age so young as to be without a comparison, achieved a firm footing upon the highest round of ambition's ladder allowed to a subject of Great Britain; he, at whose touch, the dry wells of her exhausted finance overflowed with copious streams of supply; he, who, by the fires of his own genius, kindled all branches of the public service into a blaze of emulation, and launched the empire upon a course of policy, the probable cause, at once, of her greatest culmination, and of her ultimate decline; he, whose tireless hostility to the French revolution, furnished for many years the only counterpoise to

that revolution ; he, who, by civil service alone, shared with Napoleon the admiration of the world, and who contrives to divide with him the history of that remarkable period.

William Pitt was the second son of the first Earl of Chatham, and of Lady Hester, only daughter of Richard Greenville, Esq., and Countess of Temple. He was born at Hayes, in Kent, on the 28th day of May, 1759. His father was the sort of public character of whom every intelligent person is expected to carry decided impressions, and who can no more be forgotten or confounded with other characters of his age, than the ragged outlines of a tall, overhanging cliff can be lost out of a landscape otherwise tame and common. His was one of those demonstrative and tragic natures, combined with large faculties, which appear at remote intervals ; which delight in master-strokes ; which kindle the imaginations of men, and with or without the advantages of official power, become the centre of observation. He raised himself from the condition of an untitled subaltern of dragoons to an Earldom, and during his day, no name was attended throughout Europe and America with a more general recognition of individual greatness. He was a bold man, and a friend of liberty. His energy was tremendous ; his conceptions were grand, and were enforced by a power of oratory incomparably electric and commanding. He sometime held the reigns of power as Prime-Minister, but the King never liked him and never employed him except when compelled to do so by the force of his position. He was no courtier. He undeniably added new honors to England, and enhanced her glory. His own fame he saw to be established firmly ; his private fortune was helped by bequests so unexpected and uncommon, that they seemed like special smiles of benignant Heaven ; yet, as is common with great characters, his hopes were thwarted in so many directions, and by so many causes, that his old age was clouded by feelings of disappointment and a sense of misfortune. He looked upon the field of European politics with unsatisfied yearnings, as being full of grand opportunities, and laden with rich harvests of glory, out of which he had been permitted only to glean a few scattering trophies. All that he had done was but pageant and skirmish. When the great battle was set in array, the meteor-flag unfurled, and his heart bounding for the cry of onset, old age and disease sounded an imperative retreat. It was only to his own immoderate ambition that greater success seemed desirable. His sorrows were of the tree himself had planted, and inseparable incidents of his very successes. Yet, kind Providence, as the last of her special favors, so frequently and signally granted, poured into his cup of disappointment a large consolation, and crowned his last years with a blessing to such characters the most unusual — the prospect of seeing himself renewed in a son worthy of the father, and more than capable of his father's fame.

The physical health of the boy William was feeble and precarious. Continuous or severe application to study was impossible. But his spirit responded in fullest measure to the exalted hopes of the great but disappointed and broken statesman. His eye kindled, and his heart leaped almost in infancy at the voice of fame ; his gaze was fixed upon its object never to waver ; and with ardent longings, all his energies,



every gleam of returning health, was exhausted in its hot pursuit. It is delightful to see how firmly and surely his father built his hopes upon William. The only anxiety was to hold him in, to moderate his zeal, and preserve his health. Health established, all else was taken for granted. It was the peculiar felicity of the noble Earl, and it shows in a touching manner the feeling of mutual appreciation which existed between him and William, to assure him when only fourteen years old, that he was sure to "make noise enough," if his ardor could be moderated and his health preserved. No word of incitement appears ever to have been needed, but the tone of the father was a continual recognition of William's victorious zeal. He addressed William as a young Alexander, rushing vehemently from one intellectual conquest to another, and about to weep because there were no more worlds to subdue. The tone was playful and exaggerated; but it is impossible not to see that each held, in a peculiar manner, the key which unlocked in the other the deepest recesses of his spiritual nature. As a matter of fact, William's scholarship was never remarkable, unless considered with reference to the difficulties under which it was pursued. It has never been claimed for him that his studies were exactly or critically mastered. His feeble health forbid that his studies should be much more than desultory and occasional. But with the advantages of the best help on the part of instructors devoted to his attention, he gained a rapid and familiar acquaintance with classical authors, and a most lively and happy appreciation of their beauties. He read and re-read them with an active relish, and could quote from memory and at will, with remarkable aptness. The master minds of Greece and of Rome were not introduced to him as to most others, covered with a repulsive crust of grammatical technics, and led by a corpse of fossil professors, whose human juices had all been spent in grubbing for Greek and Latin roots; but they were made to be sociable and pleasant companions and playfellows. As such he loved and understood them. They pictured nothing more heroic, opulent, or glorious than the British Empire. The highest modes of action, the most splendid developments of those antique nations, were scarcely equal to what was seen around him from day to day. Neither Tully nor Cato was a grander character than Chatham, nor did Cæsar himself handle the reins of empire with a more masterly touch. Familiar as he made himself, charmed as he was with the Greek and Latin classics, they introduced to him no characters, nor scarcely a degree of artistic or literary polish, superior to what might have been daily enjoyed at his father's table. He is also said to have made good progress in his mathematical studies. He took his degree of Master of Arts when seventeen years old, and was called, or as we say, admitted to the Bar at the age of twenty-one. His father was a new man in the nobility, and in his pecuniary condition not beyond the necessity of close economy. William, therefore, was to enter upon his career armed with the means of success in a powerful and lucrative profession. History does not inform us that his father bestowed any unusual personal attention on his education. But we know the father and we know the son, and from this knowledge, we may see the whole story traced as with a pencil of light. By far the most important part



of William's education was in the example, the associations, and the conversation of his father. It needs no historian to tell us those lessons. What priceless criticisms upon the characters of famous men, both ancient and modern! What familiar and affectionate remonstrances and warnings against those foibles and errors which diminish the weight of character, and lead astray from the paths of glory! In what sportive mood does the old Earl induct the eager youth into those oratorical arts, and train his voice to those master strains, which had rendered himself the most famous orators of modern times! It was a study for a painter to exhibit the great Earl, whose towering and imperious nature had marked the age in which he lived, teaching this sickly but zealous young man how to replace him in the face of Europe. He lived to see the health of William take a favorable turn and become established, and thus to see stretching on before him a broad track of light; and then his countenance was changed, and he was called away. Two years before William's admission to the Bar, his father died. We are told but little of the effect of his death upon William, nor need we be told. He was alone. A great memory swelled his heart; a benignant and gigantic shadow beckoned him. Sickness, and sorrow, and a great purpose had made him old before his time — a man who had seen no youth, and who had never known the feelings or the pleasures of a boy.

From the time he received his degree until his election to Parliament, he was much in London. It was there he fell in with many young men of spirit, who become the friends or opponents of his riper years. It was here he formed his friendship with young Wilberforce, then a fashionable young man about town, making free with his grandfather's fortune; a singer, a wit, and a coxcomb, whose volatile genius and purposeless life formed the natural antithesis and complement of the character of Pitt, but who, in subsequent years, was able on several occasions to pour his impulses upon the British public in a tide of eloquence, and rally, to the support of Pitt, important aid. Their friendship was close and ardent, and lasted through life. It was here that Pitt rallied his first circle of friends, and planted in many a generous heart the seeds of that deep love and admiration, which, in the subsequent dangers of his career, surrounded and upheld him with loyal friendships. How far he shared in the dissipations and debaucheries then fashionable in the metropolis, is now only a matter of inference, and those inferences are in his favor. The only vice to which he is known to have been subject, was that generous vice of good-fellowship — the love of wine. Neither his fortune nor his ambition favored expensive or degrading associations. He was a frequent spectator of the debates in Parliament; where, eager to decorate his brow with laurels, and conscious of ability, he snuffed up the sound of battle. It was his habit, whenever he heard a speech of merit, to consider to himself in what particulars it could be improved in manner or matter, and how, if he were on the other side, he could most successfully refute it.

The famous orators of antiquity prepared their orations with the utmost premeditation and labor; and lest some occasion should take them by surprise, they kept on hand a great variety of elaborate exordiums,

and perorations and striking passages, ready to be interwoven with an impromptu discussion of any subject. The occasions on which they were to speak, were generally known for a considerable period beforehand. They studied and rehearsed their parts with an intensity of exertion only limited by their powers of mental and physical endurance. Instead of deeming it worthy of their ambition to gain credit for spontaneous volubility, they did, on many occasions, transplant entire passages from old orations to new ones, to be delivered before the same audience, a practice not indulged by any modern orator except Webster. But this was not the kind of display adapted to the British Parliament. The field to which Pitt looked was one, not precluding the idea of preparation on important occasions, which nevertheless required tact, dexterity, and promptness; and where high success could not be won without ability to put forth strength on the instant. It was for the sudden emergencies of debate that Pitt prepared himself, not by writing out exordiums and perorations, but by first imagining himself in the place of each distinguished speaker, and then in that of his antagonist. His natural disposition was ingenuous. He had no love for money. His heart was hot with patriotic zeal, and mightily stored with the exalted conception he had been able to form of a truly great and famous career.

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T W I N - A C O R N S .

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ON BEING SHOWN, AFTER A STORM, BY A LADY, TWO ACORNS ATTACHED TO ONE STEM.

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On one fair stem two acorns grew,  
 Browned by the golden Summer weather;  
 Together drank the silvery dew,  
 Rocked in the lulling air together.

Crown-jewels of the royal oak,  
 A brief, brief time his forehead wore them,  
 For the black tempest came, and broke  
 The leaf-fringed diadem that bore them.

When the wild storm was over-past,  
 A maiden through the forest hieing,  
 Chancing around her eye to cast,  
 Found the twin-acorns lowly lying.

She picked them up, with hand of snow,  
 A lesson from their fate to borrow,  
 Deeming them types of *love in us*,  
 Of two fond hearts unchanged by sorrow:

Saying, 'When suns no longer shine,  
 And the red rose of joy is blighted,  
 Oh! that some breast would beat with mine,  
 True to the last, and disunited!'

W. H. C. HOSMER.

## M O H A M M E D ' S F L A G .

BY B. ROSE PLUMLY

'The sacred standard of MOHAMMED is only displayed in great national emergencies.'

FLING out the Flag! far outward fling  
 O'er *Stamboul's* sacred walls!  
 Let the world see the standard swing,  
 And hear the sabre's ancient ring,  
 And many a fight and fearful thing,  
 Ere Islam's glory falls!  
 Fling out the Flag! the Turk awakes  
 From his siesta deep:  
 The north-wind o'er his slumber breaks —  
 The Russian Bear the sleeper shakes:  
 It is not *death*, but sleep.  
 Call up the heroes of the past,  
 Of OTHMAN's royal name!  
 The turbaned hosts are trooping fast  
 To the great combat, and the last —  
 The triumph, or the shame.  
 With a fierce joy the Moslem come  
 To the dread sport of war;  
 Thé nations, at their 'larum-drum,  
 Shake to their centres far:  
 Beneath the Crescent's blazing arch,  
 On the old Flag unfurled,  
 That drum-roll of the Moslem march  
 Shall echo through the world!  
 The Arabs on the Lybian sands  
 Halt, as the sound sweeps by,  
 And summon up their Bedouin bands  
 To Islam's battle-cry.  
 Along the Himmalayan peaks,  
 As the dread echoes roll,  
 The Prophet from the mountain speaks,  
 And stirs the Persian's soul  
 To leave the ancient feud, and bring  
 The valiant Sons of Fire  
 Where the great Flag the Moslem fling  
 From *Stamboul's* sacred spire.  
 Booming above the ocean-waves,  
 Lone exiles catch the sound,  
 And issuing from their living graves,  
 Amid the nations round,  
 Throng to the victory or death,  
 In Freedom's glorious work;  
 Marshalled for their last fight, beneath  
 The standard of the Turk.  
*Encamped, four centuries'* he lay  
 On Europe's conquered strand;  
 Four centuries hath kept at bay  
 The foeman of his land:  
 Thus bravely shall the Moslem stay  
 Where Islam's altars stand:  
 Triumphant still, through blood and fire,  
 Around his sacred flag expire;  
 Or, swathed in blood and flame, retire,  
 Retreating, sword in hand.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE: OR TRANSCENDENTAL GASTRONOMY. By BRILLAT SAVARIN. Translated from the last Paris edition, by FAYETTE ROBINSON. In one volume: pp. 347. Philadelphia: LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.

SANDERSON, the witty and lamented author of '*The American in Paris*,' mentions calling upon a celebrated *chef de cuisine* in Paris one morning, being minded to have prepared a very *recherché* dinner for a small and select party of friends. After some delay, he was informed that the renowned 'chef' could not be seen: '*Il compose*,' said the servant, with an air of dignity corresponding with the high employment of his master. As our old and pleasant correspondent left the door, he saw a stately person, with folded arms, and a white paper-cap upon his head, walking in an adjoining garden. It was the 'chef,' 'composing' a new dish, or sauce, that was that very day to burst upon Paris. SAVARIN is the 'aesthetical,' the 'transcendental,' the 'orphic,' the 'spiritual' representative of this eminent cook. Of his '*Physiologie de Goût*' we had 'by parcels something heard,' before we met the present rendering of our accomplished American translator; and it will now become current among all gourmets and gastronomical bon-vivants. It is a curious circumstance, of which, until now, we were ignorant, that during the 'reign of terror,' SAVARIN was a political exile in America, and that he taught the French language in Boston, Hartford, New-York, Philadelphia, etc., and at one period was 'first-fiddle' in the orchestra of the old Park-Theatre. But leaving the reader to peruse the volume in its 'entirety,' we proceed to present a few of the 'Professor's' aphorisms, touching upon his great subject and its various and multitudinous divisions. Let us begin with his own impressions of his 'great argument;' promising that we segregate, in our collocation, a few of his thoughts under the heads of 'Gastronomy' and 'Gourmandise:'

'GASTRONOMY sustains us from the cradle to the grave; increases the gratification of love and the confidence of friendship; disarms hatred, and offers us, in the short passage of our lives, the only pleasure which, not being followed by fatigue, makes us weary of all others. It considers taste in its pleasures and in its pains. It has discovered the gradual excitements of which it is susceptible; it regularizes its action, and has fixed limits, which a man who respects himself will never pass. It considers the action of food or aliments on the moral of man, on his imagination, his mind, his judgment, his courage, and his perceptions, whether he is awake, sleeps, acts, or reposes. It determines the degree of esculence of every alimentary subject; classifies all substances according to their qualities, and indicates those which will mingle, and measuring the quantity of nourishment they contain, distinguishes those which should make the basis of our repast from those which are only accessories, and others which, although not necessary, are an agreeable relief, and become the *obligato* accompaniment

of convivial gossip. It takes no less interest in the beverages intended for us, according to time, place, and climate; teaches their preparation and preservation, and especially presents them in an order so exactly calculated, that the pleasure perpetually increases, until gratification ends and abuse begins. In its effect upon sociability, it is one of the principal bonds of society. It gradually extends that spirit of conviviality which every day unites different professions, mingles them together, and diminishes the sharp angles of conventionality. Finally, it examines men and things for the purpose of transporting, from one country to another, all that deserves to be known, and which causes a well-arranged entertainment to be an abridgment of the world in which each portion is represented.'

The 'Professor' is not at all afraid of being thought garrulous in the discussion of his beloved theme. 'It may be said,' he observes, 'that sometimes I become garrulous. Is it my fault that I am old? Is it my fault that, like ULYSSES, I have 'seen the manners and customs of many cities?' Am I therefore blameable for writing a little bit of biography?' Not at all; on the contrary, dear Sir, you have laid the gastronomic world under infinite obligation to you. Among the 'aphorisms' of the author are these:

'The discovery of a new dish confers more happiness on humanity than the discovery of a new star.

'Those persons who eat to indigestion, or who become drunk, are utterly ignorant of the true principles of eating and drinking.

'A cook may be taught, but a man who can *roast*, is born with the faculty.

'To invite a person to your house, is to take charge of his happiness as long as he is beneath your roof.'

'What,' says the Professor elsewhere, 'can we discern in a faculty susceptible of such perfection that the gourmands of Rome were able to distinguish the flavors of fish taken above and below the bridge? Have we not seen in our own time that gourmands can distinguish the flavor of the thigh on which the partridge lies down, from the other? Are we not surrounded by *gourmets* who can tell the latitude in which any wine ripened, as surely as one of BIOR's or ARAGO's disciples can foretell an eclipse?' Descending to particulars, in his estimate of the 'delights of the table,' the 'Professor' dwells upon the luxury of *truffles* with a preëminent unction. We cannot agree with him, however, that they are not indigestible, although sometimes they are not. He says, that 'when taken in moderation, they pass through the system as a letter does through the post-office!' Our friend SANDERSON, now of the fine Gramercy-Park Hotel, once sent us a '*dindon-aux-truffe*' which 'inundated the mouth with pleasure.' We are not eminently 'gourmand and trufflivorous' in Gotham, although the taste for that esculent is on the increase. Professor SAVARIN, in his chapter on wines, observes: 'In obedience to principles and practice well understood, true amateurs *sip* their wine. Every mouthful thus gives them the sum-total of pleasure which they would not have enjoyed had they swallowed it all at once.' Our old and esteemed correspondent JOHN WATERS — too long absent, we grieve to say, from these pages — a *gourmet* of the highest grade, does not hold with the Professor in this. He advocates the 'throw' instead of the 'sip,' it will be remembered, in his admirable '*Anecdote of a Bottle of Wine*;' albeit, it proved a sad 'throw' in the case of the single bottle of 'Scuppernong.' With the subjoined desultory passages, pencilled as we read, we must close our notice of this entertaining and instructive volume:

'Those who know how to eat are always ten years younger than those who are ignorant of that science.'

'We eat nothing without experiencing the importance of the sense of smell, if not

as a constituent portion of taste, at least as a necessary adjunct. The nose plays the part of a sentinel, and always cries out, '*Who goes there?*'"

'ALL languages had their birth, their apogee, and decline. None of those which had been famous from the days of SESOSTRIS to the era of PHILIP AUGUSTUS, exist except as monuments. The French will have the same fate; and in the year 2825, if read, will be read with a dictionary.'

'ANIMALS a hundred thousand times smaller than any visible with the naked eye, have been discovered: these animalculæ, however, move, feed, and multiply, establishing the existence of organs of inconceivable tenuity.'

'OF those persons to whom music is but a confused mass of sounds, we may remark that almost all sing false. We are forced to think that they have the auditory apparatus so made, as to receive but brief and short undulations, or that the two ears not being on the same diapason, the difference in length and sensibility of these constituent parts causes them to transmit to the brain only an obscure and undetermined sensation, like two instruments played in neither the same key nor the same measure, and which can produce no continuous melody. . . . Who knows if *touch* will not have its day, and if some fortuitous circumstance will not open to us thence some new enjoyments? This is especially probable, as tactile sensitiveness exists every where in the body, and consequently can every where be excited.'

We predict for this book, so various in illustration and quaint in execution, a very general acceptance at the hands of American *gourmets*.

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JANUARY AND JUNE: OR OUT-DOOR THINKINGS AND FIRE-SIDE MUSINGS. By BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR. In one volume: pp. 281. New-York: SAMUEL HUESTON, Number 139, Nassau-street.

WE have already referred to this elaborately-imaginative and beautiful volume, while it was yet in the 'swaddling-clothes' of its proof-sheets, before they were smoothly pressed, gathered together, and the whole handsomely bound in a book, and, interspersed among them, tasteful engravings. The passages from the work which we have quoted we observe have gone the general round of the press. Our own recorded impressions of the work are confirmed, we perceive, by the verdict of several journals whose praise is 'praise indeed.' The able and accomplished critic of '*The Tribune*' daily journal says: 'The keynote to this volume is the sentiment awakened by the presence of Nature and the memories of the Past. In various forms, this is addressed to the sympathy of the reader, and illustrated by a profuse wealth of personal experiences. Those who are not ashamed of feeling, will here find many touches of nature that go to the heart. The writer has a lively poetical fancy; his brain is stored with rural images and recollections; the suggestive aspects of life have not appealed in vain to his inner sense; and the emotions thus called forth are expressed in a quaint, but not inappropriate diction.' The Cincinnati '*Commercial Advertiser*,' in a review of the same work, observes: 'The whole forms the most tempting cluster yielded by the literary vintage of the present season. Views of Life and Nature in their wonderful beauty, as well as in their commonest details and every-day experiences, are presented and illustrated by the author with a truthfulness, a quaintness, and originality of style as refreshing as the sparkling Catawba. His thoughts thrill along the heart-strings and awaken a world of old remembrances; abounding with passages that will refresh and refresh again the mind, in its hours of weariness or leisure. His poems comprise the dessert of the feast; a choice though scanty dessert, just sufficient to sharpen the appetite for more.' We must make space here, although 'cramped'

for room, for the annexed beautiful passage, descriptive simply of the growing of a VINE, that has struggled to light; but observe the 'sweep' of the poet's imagination:

'LIKE some low-born maiden in the 'Morning Land,' where dwell the worshippers of the Sun, this *Vine* has crept night after night, without a day between, to the place it had heard of afar off, where the SHAH for a while held audience. Arrived, it unfolds its gift, though 'tis of the humblest, and lying upon the earth, timidly lifts the border of his gorgeous robe, and covers its bended head, as if it had faltered, 'I too am thy subject. Be thou my protector, as thou art my king.' So said the Vine to the great Prince of Morning. But he withdrew his robe, and went on in his chariot. He flushed the red Missouri with a deeper glow; and he gilded again the sands of the Sacramento; and he drove on, like NEPTUNE, over the calm Pacific; and the porcelain towers of China were a-blaze at his coming. He tarried among the palms, and he pressed the lips of the daughters of Circassia, and he kindled the cold bosoms of the beauties of the North, and he lingered in dalliance with the ivory-fingered women of Europe; and he *did not forget* the Vine, that waited for him the while in the cellar of the old homestead. But this morning, the chariot and horses of PHŒBUS waited without, while he descended the damp and slippery steps, and left a smile for the vine that will last it all day and all night, and until he comes again in his glory.'

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HISTORY OF THE CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON AT SAINT HELENA. From the Letters and Journals of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir HUDSON LOWE, and original Documents. By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M.A. In two volumes: pp. 1307. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a work of rare and painful interest. It is the most minute and various account that has yet been given of the 'GREAT CAPTAIN's exile. It will have the effect, we think, to remove many of the prejudices which have grown up in the minds of thousands against the Governor of Saint Helena, for his alleged ill-treatment of his illustrious prisoner. His task was a thankless one at best; and he was constantly abused for doing that which his secret instructions from Earl BATHURST, of the Home Government, rendered it impossible for him to omit doing. Not a few of these instructions, to our conception, were unnecessary, if not positively insulting. What possible harm, for example, could NAPOLEON have done in speaking to the islanders whom he chanced to meet in his horse-back rides around his rock-bound 'watery prison'? There was at no one time of his captivity the slightest chance of his escape from the island. Guarded as he was, he might as well have attempted to take the fortress of Gibraltar with an elder pop-gun and tow-balls, as to get away. Say what they will, NAPOLEON was a 'smart' man, if he *was* timid; he had 'seen the time, too, when he was 'as good as ever he was,' and had considerable influence. Seriously, it was but too evident that his keepers were afraid of him, although chained to a rock in the midst of the sea. They could not but be exasperated, moreover, by the conduct of certain of his followers and dependents, who assisted his imagination to exaggerate the evils and annoyances of his position. NAPOLEON did not 'bear himself stiffly up' against his adverse fate: he was *minimis in minimis*—little in little things; and it is pitiful to read of his peevish, querulous complaints about petty grievances which a truly great mind would have overlooked, or borne uncomplainingly.

The materials of the work are most ample, and they have been collected and arranged with great care and good judgment by the editor. Many of the facts and documents, which have never until now appeared in print, give a greatly



added interest to the volumes. We find these eloquent remarks of the editor upon the character and 'lesson' of NAPOLEON :

'No one can study the character of NAPOLEON without being struck by one prevailing feature — his intense selfishness. This was caused partly, no doubt, by the unparalleled success which had for twenty years attended his career, and which made him look upon himself as a being born under a star, and as one whose destiny it was to rule, while it was the destiny of others to obey. Under the chariot-wheels of his ambition he was ready to crush every thing that opposed his path, without compunction or remorse. He regarded others merely as instruments to be used by him, and to be flung aside when he had no longer occasion for them. A memorable example of this occurs in his treatment of the noble-minded JOSEPHINE. Because she gave no promise of an heir to the throne, he snapped the cord of affection in a moment. The ties of duty and of love were nothing in his eyes when he found that his wish for a son was not likely to be gratified. How little feeling did he show when he heard of the death on the battle-field of any of the Generals and Marshals to whom he seemed to be most attached! Indeed, as has been already mentioned, he said of himself that his soul was of marble, and it was thus insensible to some of the finest feelings of our nature. Not that NAPOLEON was without gentleness and even playfulness in his disposition. When pleased and unopposed, there was a charming vivacity in his manner which irresistibly won all hearts. He was fond of *espiglerie* even with grown-up people; and in the case of children, who were always favorites with him, there was no limit to his good humor. But he could not brook contradiction or opposition, and had not the slightest consideration for others when they stood in the way of his caprice. He was the sun round which others were to revolve; but though attracted by his influence, they were kept at too great a distance to feel the warmth of his friendship or affection.'

'When we turn from his character to his actions, and ask in what respect he benefited mankind, the answer is most unsatisfactory. Perhaps no man ever, for the sake of his own restless ambition, inflicted so much positive misery upon his species. His path was that of the destroyer. Kingdoms were trodden down under the iron heel of conquest, and wherever he appeared with his armies, blood was poured upon the ground like water. A fierce soldiery was let loose upon the countries of Europe, which spoiled the inhabitants, ravaged the fields, and swept away as with a whirl-wind the accumulations of years of industry and peace. A military despotism on a scale of unparalleled magnitude was established, which abrogated all political rights, and strove to trample out all national distinctions. If the sorrows of a single hero or heroine in a tale of fiction can move our hearts and powerfully awake our sympathies, let us think for a moment on the amount of human suffering caused by the career of NAPOLEON. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the land was as the Garden of Eden before him, and behind him a desolate wilderness. Tears did not fail to flow for each homestead burned, each family outraged, each peasant and each soldier slain, in that long series of years during which he ruled the destinies of France. And what did France gain under his sway? A code of laws which is his best title to her gratitude, and that which she values more — military glory. But at what a price was that glory purchased! The bravest and the best of her sons died in distant fields of battle, amidst the sands of Egypt or the snows of Russia. A ruthless conscription depopulated the villages, and at last reached, in its downward course, youths who were just emerging into manhood, but who were still rather boys than men. Her treasure was exhausted; her liberties were gone. A system of *espionnage* betrayed family-secrets to the minister of police, whose agents were every where, and whose omnipresence no one could escape. And at last came bitter retribution for the long-continued and daring attempt against the rights of nations. Her soil was invaded; her capital was taken; and Pandours and Cossacks bivouacked in the Champ-de-Mars, while English soldiers kept guard at the Louvre, and foreign bayonets brought back the King whom she had driven into exile and proclaimed an outlaw.

'Of his merits as a great Captain we need not speak. Such a World-Conqueror will perhaps never be seen again. But we may hope the time is coming, if, indeed, it has not already come, when men will sit in stern judgment upon those who, without adequate and just cause, and for the sake of their own aggrandizement, involve nations in strife. War is in itself an unmitigated curse. It is indeed the abomination of desolation. It may impose upon the imagination with all its proud pomp and circumstance; and few sights can be conceived of more thrilling interest than the march of a great army in compact array. But follow that army to the battle-field. See it after the shock of conflict, when the clash of swords is over, and the artillery has ceased to thunder. Listen to the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying; follow the surgeon, and observe what *his* mission is when the battle is won, and acres of God's fair earth are strewn with corpses, and converted into a vast charnel-house. And what sorrow

accompanies the tidings of every victory ! The child is fatherless, and the wife a widow ; and the wail of mourning for those who have fallen, mingles with the shout with which the nation exults in its success. War may be a necessity in defence of outraged rights, and to repel aggression, but it ought ever to be looked upon as a miserable calamity ; and he who wantonly provokes it is one of the worst enemies of his race.'

There are two good engravings in the first volume, representing the old residence of NAPOLEON and his *suite* at Longwood, and the new and more capacious edifice, built for the illustrious prisoner and his companions in exile, just before his death.

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THE BLOOD-STONE. By DONALD MACLEOD, Author of 'Pynnhurst,' 'Life of Sir WALTER SCOTT,' etc. New-York : CHARLES SCRIBNER.

MR. MACLEOD is the author of a life of Sir WALTER SCOTT, published about a year ago ; a judicious and very charming specimen in a difficult department of literature, presenting, within the short compass of a single volume, every material fact in the domestic and literary life of the author, lucidly arranged, and written with a glowing warmth and sincerity, proceeding not more from a clannish feeling, than from a thorough appreciation of that great genius, right-minded, and noble hearted man. There is no other work which supplies the place of it ; for, although confessedly gathering its materials from the cumbersome biography of LOCKHART, as well as from every other available source, it is in style and composition purely original, portraying, in every phase, and on many pages, with exceeding eloquence, those traits, revealed in the reverses of fortune, which made Sir WALTER's moral life outshine his intellectual ; a heart which was the very fount of every kindly and generous affection, a pride and independence which never kneeled, an honesty sincere and incorrupted, which nerved him to those gigantic struggles in the midst of which he died victorious. From the time of his earliest years until the pen dropped from Sir WALTER's fingers, Mr. MACLEOD has portrayed this life faithfully and beautifully.

The present work, by its title, will be apt to excite the curiosity of the reader, nor will that curiosity be disappointed. It combines the charm of an autobiography with the high-wrought interest of a tale, gradually increasing in excitement as the *dénouement* draws nigh, nor will the most ingenious and scrutinizing reader be likely to divine what the end will be. When we say this, it is according the highest compliment to a romance or tale. There is, moreover, a truth to nature in the scenes and personages described, which impresses you with the idea that the story is not fictitious, but real ; and this we are inclined to think, so far as the general outline is concerned. Indeed, this professes to be a life-history, 'a story of the passions, joys, sorrows, accidents, incidents, observations, and circumstances, which have concurred in making up an existence, and that drop in the ocean of eternity.' 'Shall I not touch your heart,' says the author, 'when I play upon the strings of my own ? When I say, O friend, I too have loved, and acted, and sorrowed, and enjoyed ? For it is true. I have experienced most of the feelings which we know to be human : smiles have beamed brightly upon my face ; and big tears also have rolled heavily, in deep mournfulness, over my cheek, while the strong painful

throbs of my heart kept time to them, as the tap of the muffled drum keeps time to the falling drops when they bury a soldier in the rain.' And farther on in his prefatorial essay, he remarks: 'I find my heart full, and wish to write. A human life, even the humblest one, is a solemn thing, and cannot be uninteresting. We know WHO gave it; to WHOM it shall be rendered; and there is a deep and holy lesson in every life-history, from that which hath endured in its strong grandeur, like a centenary oak, to that which only blossomed and vanished like a lily of the valley by the side of a brook.'

So then the biography begins, and the reminiscences of early days, the 'Old House' at Greenwich, the 'long lane full of sweet-briers and wild rose-bushes, which ran through the orchard,' the cedar-rows 'where sentimental Love-Lane extended,' the 'tall old willows and low white stones which studded that field and acre of our God, where so many loved ones slept—loved ones who had grown weary, and were lying there at rest;' the historical brook rising in Green Hill, which flowed through Greenwich and emptied into the Hudson, 'abounding in eels, mud-turtles, and garter-snakes, its banks illustrious for elder-berries and wild-cherries;' and Cedar-Creek, where you could 'skate for leagues through the thick, low evergreens; Cedar-Creek, the battle-field where was waged a relentless war with Bowery-Boys:' these, and a multitude of kindred things, are sketched with exceeding sweetness and graphic power of description. This part of the book cannot fail to bring back a vivid memory to the old inhabitant of Gotham, of the STUYVESANT meadows, where perhaps he skated in the days of his youth, and of places where country-seats were once built, and pastoral scenes were once enacted; but now the hills are levelled, and the sewers are constructed underground, and the gas-pipes are carried, and you see, where the briers and honey-suckles grew a few years since, nothing but 'streets of palaces, and walks of state.'

And the portraits of characters who figured in that comparative antiquity, will not less strike the reader; the father and the mother who graced the mansion; Mrs. BROZE, 'an old lady who smelled of peppermint,' and who had a wonderful *penchant* for that pungent confection; the 'brown-eyed, black-haired Sister FLORA, who strengthened me when I was alone, supported me when I suffered, won me back when I strayed, defended me when attacked, loved me through all my fortunes, and partly for whom I now write this book;' MARTHA, and Old Soc., who, though last, figures not least in the history of one whose character and bias appear to be partly derived from parentage, partly from associations, and largely from the reading of romantic story. This last element has much to do in the construction of the latter half of the volume, and causes it to stand in a very painful contrast with the first. When the Ocean is once crossed, it does not separate continents more widely than it does, by a change of views, that period of life which is between youth and confirmed manhood. In this, however, we shall not anticipate the reader, nor give any hint, but rather leave him to derive the same enjoyment from the perusal of the story which we have done. A tinge is given to the whole work by the strong imbibition which the author has evidently taken from German literature, in which he appears to be well read-up; but we prefer to recur rather to those healthful passages which have been drawn from Nature herself, than from those which accord with the romances of DE LA MORTE FOUCQUÉ, or are even

derived from the spirit of the music of MENDELSSOHN, WEBER, BEETHOVEN, and Master MOZART. Here is one genuine and natural picture, out of many with which the book abounds :

‘AND then, at the end of the year, there came the greatest baby ever revealed to mankind, with the roundest and openest eyes, and the most hair on its head, of any neoligos upon record. Viewed merely as a baby to poke your finger at in order to make it crow, that baby was unsurpassed ; its manner of *nestling its head in the maternal bosom, and its powers of looking cautiously over one shoulder and ducking suddenly back again, were positively sublime*. Then the child’s supernatural intelligence ! It actually knew, as its mother asseverated, when it was hungry. I became alarmed, and bought it a skipping-rope, a boop, and three different descriptions of go-carts, when it was but three weeks old, lest its intellectual development should prove too rapid for its physical health.’

And not inferior to this, is the account of TRUDCHEN, ‘poor, honest, unhandy, imperious TRUDCHEN.’ We have perhaps hinted enough to excite a desire to read this charming volume, the freshness of which will serve to wile away a few hours most gratefully at the winter fire-side. There is, running through all the writings of Mr. MACLEOD, and especially through his ‘Pynns-hurst,’ a vigor of thought, a neatness and handiwork in authorship, a delicacy of limning, a fervid and energetic style and fancy, which mark him as a scholar and a poet.

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LIFE OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, Historical Painter: from his Autobiography and Journals. Edited and compiled by TOM TAYLOR, Esq., of the Inner Temple. In two volumes: pp. 1064. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

SELDOM have we taken up, in modern days, two more attractive volumes than these. Their interest is various. In the first place, it is a sad thing to trace a sensitive man of genius through a life of wonderful vicissitude, through early struggles to ultimate triumph, final despair, and, at last, death by his own hand. And in tracing his course through these intervals, we are brought into immediate communication with scores of men, of literary, military, and artistic celebrity ; men who left their mark upon the age in which they flourished. The editor, who has performed his own part of the work with great good judgment and taste, has permitted him to write his life himself, so that it is not a biography, but an autobiography. It was the editor’s task ‘only to clean, varnish, and set in the best light the portrait of himself which the autobiographer left behind him ;’ occasionally, he hints, ‘wiping away chills or mildew, stopping a hole or repairing a crack ; removing impurities or bringing obscure parts into sight,’ but never re-painting or ‘improving.’ HAYDON, affirms Mr. TAYLOR, (‘of the Inner Temple, Esq.,’ according to the title-page,) ‘is presented in these volumes, if not ‘in his habit as he lived,’ at least as he thought, or wished, at any rate, the world to believe he lived. The portrait is, therefore, better than any other man could draw. The vainest human being knows himself better than the most clear-sighted observer knows him, and his own description of himself will always be the best we can obtain ; for even his mis-statements, exaggerations, and perversions, are characteristic, and like no other man’s.’ This is perfectly true ; and ‘by consequence,’ while you sympathize with his subject, when sorrow weighs him down, when he lies prostrated by the ‘slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,’ you do not altogether overlook, nor fail to condemn, the

repining spirit, the querulous, petulant upbraidings, which, were but too manifest, even in his better days. We would like the reader to contrast, in this regard, the life and character of our great landscape-artist, COLE, with that of HAYDON.

One word, before we proceed to such extracts as we can find room for, touching the study of his art; as practised by HAYDON. What a lesson to young artists is his laborious preparation! Taking casts from living subjects, attending dissections of men and animals, and making elaborate drawings, even to minute 'articulations,' of all that he saw, so that he might perfect himself in his noble art. Apropos of casts; here is a passage we have thumb-nailed, which struck us forcibly in the perusal; for it took us back to the time when we lay down in the coffin-like box in which Mr. FOWLER, the Phrenologist, takes his plaster-casts, and permitted our face and head to be covered with a species of warm hasty-pudding; and when we tried to laugh, as the operator was apparently trying to feed us with a spoonful of the compound, we found that the plaster had set, and the muscles would n't 'act!' *That* was a pleasant fix! But to our extract:

'PUSHED to enthusiasm by the beauty of this man's form, I cast him, drew him, and painted him till I had mastered every part. I had all his joints moulded in every stage, from their greatest possible flexion to their greatest possible extension. The man himself and the moulders took fire at my eagerness; and after having two whole figures moulded, he said he thought he could bear another to be done if I wished it; of course I wished it, so we set to again. In moulding from nature great care is required, because the various little movements of the skin produce perpetual cracks; and if the man's back is moulded first, by the time you come to his chest he labors to breathe greatly, so that you must then have the plaster rubbed up and down with great rapidity till it sets. We had been repeatedly baffled in our attempt at this stage, and I therefore thought of a plan to prevent the difficulty — to build a wall round him, so that plaster might be poured in, and set all around him equally and at once. This was agreed upon. The man was put into a position, extremely happy at the promise of success, as he was very proud of his figure. Seven bushels of plaster were mixed at once and poured in till it floated up to the neck. The moment it set, it pressed so equally upon him that his ribs had no room to expand for his lungs to play, and he gasped out, 'I—I—I die!' Terrified at his appearance, for he had actually dropped his head, I seized with the workmen the front part of the mould, and by one supernatural effort split it in three large pieces, and pulled the man out, who, almost gone, lay on the ground senseless and steaming with perspiration. By degrees we recovered him, and then looking at the hinder part of the mould, which had not been injured, I saw the most beautiful sight on earth. It had taken the impression of his figure with all the purity of a shell, and when it was joined to the three front-pieces, there appeared the most beautiful cast ever taken from nature; one which I will defy any one in the world to equal, unless he will risk, as I unthinkingly did, the killing of the man he is moulding. I was so alarmed when I reflected on what I had nearly done, that I moulded no more whole figures. The fellow himself was quite as eager as ever, though very weak for a day or two. The surgeons said he would have died in a second or two longer. I rewarded the man well for his sufferings, and before three days, he came, after having been up all night drinking, quite tipsy, and begged to know, with his eyes fixed, if I should want to kill him any more.'

The following, taken from an account of a visit which HAYDON paid to SHAKESPEARE'S birth-place at Stratford, is in a very pleasant and graphic descriptive vein:

'THE house-keeper of WASHINGTON IRVING'S time was married. I saw the same pictures as he saw, and am convinced the hall is nearly the same as when SHAKESPEARE was brought to it. I saw the old stair-case, and a collection of pictures, with a good one or two among them — one a genuine Teniers of his marriage — a fine Hondeloëter; and heads of SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO and HOBIMA, all genuine.

'The LUCY family appeared to me shy. They may not be ambitious of showing themselves as the descendants of the 'lousy' LUCY: that satire sticks to them, and ever must, as long as the earth is undestroyed. They sent for my card, but nothing came of it. Perhaps they never heard of my name.



'This is the hall,' said the amiable, good-humored house-keeper, 'where Sir THOMAS tried SHAKSPEARE.'

'This is evidently the way the family-pride alludes to the fact, and I dare say servants and all think SHAKSPEARE a profligate, dissolute fellow, who ought to have been transported.'

'In the great hall-window were the LUCY arms—three lucas. I left the ill-bred, inhospitable house, my respect for the LUCIES by no means much higher than SHAKSPEARE'S; but the park amply compensated me, for a nobler, more ancient, and more poetical forest I never saw.'

'Fulbrook I could not stay to see; but if I live, I will spend a week at Stratford, and ransack every hole and stream, and no doubt shall find the very place where JACQUES soliloquised upon the wounded deer.'

'Just as I came again among the venerable trees, it began to rain with a jubilee vigor, but the invulnerable foliage completely secured me. I sat down on the roots of an ancient lime, and mused on the house before me. A misshapen, moss-grown statue of DIANA, on a pedestal, as old as the house, was at the end of the large trees; and as I sat in thought, a beautiful speckled doe and her young one, after regarding me for a moment, sprang off with a light spring, as if their feet were feathered. Again they stopped, and again stared, and again they were off, and dashed behind some inclosure. Weary of the rain, I sallied forth, and after crossing the meadow, came into the road; but, disdaining the beaten track, I plunged into a by-path, which brought me to the river, of which I caught a long, placid, and willowed stretch, as lucid as a mirror, reflecting earth and sky in sleepy splendor. I mounted the bank again, and scrambling through a damp, soaking path, came out on the road, drenched.'

'I could not help remarking how short a road is when in pursuit of any object, and how tedious after the object is gained.'

'Wet to the knees, I passed, as I approached the old bridge, an humble sign of the Plough and Harrow. In I walked, and found an old dame blowing a wood-fire—the room and chimney of the same age as SHAKSPEARE. On a form with a back, sat a countryman smoking, and by the window a decent girl making a gown. On the table by the door was a bundle of pipes, inclosed in three rings, the two end-rings resting on two feet. A clock made by SHARP, (who bought SHAKSPEARE'S mulberry-tree,) a chest of drawers on three legs, the old furniture, and the whole room looking clean, humble, and honest. I ordered ale, which was excellent, and giving the smoker a pint, asked him if he ever heard of SHAKSPEARE.'

'To be sure,' said he; 'but he was not born in Henley street.'

'Where was he born?'

'By the water-side, to be sure.'

'Why,' said I, 'how do you know that?'

'Why JOHN COOPER, in the alms-houses.'

'Who's he?' said I.

'What does he know about it?' said the old hostess.

'Nonsense!' said the young girl.

'My pot companion, giving a furious smoke at being thus floored at his first attempt to put forth a new theory of SHAKSPEARE'S birth-place, looked at me very grave, and prepared to overwhelm me at once. He puffed away, and after taking a sip, said:

'Ah, Sir, there's another wonderful fellow.'

'Who?' said I, imagining some genius of Stratford who might contest the palm.

'Why,' said he, with more gravity than ever, 'why, JOHN COOPER.'

'JOHN COOPER!' said I; 'why, what has he done?'

'Why, Zur, I'll tell 'ee,' and then laying his pipe down, and leaning on his elbow, and looking right into my eyes under his old weather-beaten, embrowned hat, 'I'll tell 'ee. He's lived ninety years in this here town, man and boy, and has never had the tooth-ache, and never lost wan.'

'He then took up his pipe, letting the smoke ooze from the sides of his mouth instead of puffing it out horizontally, till it ascended in curls of conscious victory to the ceiling of the apartment, while my companion leaned back his head and crossed his legs with an air of superior intelligence, as if this conversation must now conclude.'

In the ensuing passage from the autobiographic journal of the artist, while he was at Walmer Castle, taking the portrait of the Duke of WELLINGTON, the reader will find 'His Grace' in a somewhat new and pleasing character, the play-fellow of little children:

'THE Duke talked of the want of fuel in Spain; of what the troops suffered, and how whole houses, so many to a division, were pulled down regularly and paid for to serve as fuel. He said every Englishman who has a home goes to bed at night. He found bivouacking was not suitable to the character of the English soldier. He got drunk,

and lay down under any hedge. Discipline was destroyed. But when he introduced tents, every soldier belonged to his tent, and, drunk or sober, he got to it before he went to sleep. I said:

‘Your Grace, the French always bivouac.’

‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘because French, Spanish, and all other nations, lie any where. It is their habit. They have no homes.’

‘The Duke said the natural state of man was plunder. Society was based on the security of property alone. It was for that object men associated; and he thought we were coming to the natural state of society very fast.’

I studied his fine head intensely. ARBUTHNOT had begun to doze. I was like a lamp newly-trimmed, and could have listened all night. The Duke gave a tremendous yawn, and said:

‘It is time to go to bed.’

‘Candles were rung for. He took two, and lighted them himself. The rest lighted their own. The Duke took one, and gave me (being the stranger) the other, and led the way. At an old view of Dover in the hall, he stopped and explained about the encroachments of the sea. I studied him again — we all held up our candles. Sir ASTLEY went to Mr. PIRR’s bed-room, and said:

‘God bless your Grace.’

‘They dropped off; His Grace, I, and the valet going on. I came to my room, and said:

‘God bless your Grace.’

‘I saw him go into his. When I got to bed I could not sleep. Good God! I thought, here am I *tête-à-tête* with the greatest man on earth, and the noblest — the conqueror of NAPOLEON — sitting with him, talking to him, sleeping near him! His mind is unimpaired; his conversation powerful, humorous, witty, argumentative, sound, moral. Would he throw his stories, fresh from nature, into his speeches, the effect would be prodigious. He would double their impression. I am deeply interested, and passionately affected. God bless his Grace, I repeat.’

‘12TH. At ten we breakfasted — the Duke, Sir ASTLEY, Mr. BOOTH, and myself. He put me on his right.

‘Which will ye have, black tea or green?’

‘Black, your Grace.’

‘Bring black.’

‘Black was brought, and I ate a hearty breakfast. In the midst, six dear, healthy, noisy children were brought to the windows.

‘Let them in,’ said the Duke; and in they came, and rushed over to him, saying:

‘How d’ye do, Duke? how d’ye do, Duke?’

‘One boy, young GREY, roared:

‘I want some tea, Duke!’

‘You shall have it, if you promise not to slop it over me, as you did yesterday.’

‘Toast and tea were then in demand. Three got on one side and three on the other, and he hugged ‘em all. Tea was poured out, and I saw little GREY try to slop it over the Duke’s frock-coat. Sir ASTLEY said:

‘You did not expect to see this.’

‘They all then rushed out on the leads, by the cannon, and after breakfast I saw the Duke romping with the whole of them; and one of them gave his Grace a devil of a thump. I went round to my bed-room. The children came to the window, and a dear little black-eyed girl began romping. I put my head out and said:

‘I’ll catch you.’

‘Just as I did this, the Duke, who did not see me, put his head out at the door close to my room, Number ten, which leads to the leads, and said:

‘I’ll catch ye! ha! ha! I’ve got ye!’ at which they all ran away. He looked at them and laughed, and went in.

‘He then told me to choose my room and get my light in order, and after hunting, he would sit. I did so, and about two, he gave me an hour and a half. I hit his grand, upright, manly expression. He looked like an eagle of the gods who had put on human shape, and had got silvery with age and service. At first I was a little affected, but I hit his features, and all went off. Riding hard made him rosy and dozy. His color was fresh. All the portraits are too pale.’

Very graphic is the sketch of HAYDON before the Insolvent Court. It is evident, says his editor, that he attitudinized a great deal too consciously on the occasion:

‘THERE is something in a court of justice deeply affecting. The grave, good look of the robed judges; the pertinacious, ferreting air of the counsel; the eager, listening faces of the spectators; the prisoner standing up like a soul in Purgatory. At last, up rose a grave, black-robed man, and said in a loud voice:



‘ ‘ BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON! Does any one appear? BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON!  
 ‘ No body came, and I mounted. My heart beat violently. I put my clinched hand  
 on the platform where the judges sat, and hung the other over my hat. There was a  
 dead silence; then I heard pens moving; then there was a great buzz. I feared to look  
 about. At last I turned my head right facing the spectators. First, the whole row of  
 counsellors were looking like ferrets, knitting their brows, and turning their legal faces  
 up to me with a half-piercing, half-musing stare. I saw nothing behind but faces, front  
 and profile, staring with all their soul. Startled a little, I turned, and caught both  
 judges with their glasses off, darting their eyes with a sort of interest. I felt extremely  
 agitated. My heart swelled. My chest hove up, and I gave a sigh from my very soul.  
 I was honorably acquitted, bowed low, and retired.’

Here our extracts must end; but we cannot close the volumes without again  
 commending them to the reader as replete with instruction and entertainment  
 the most varied. The work is well put before the public by the publishers.

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MACLAURIN'S SYSTEM OF WRITING. In twelve Parts. Published by CHARLES B. NOR-  
 TON, Number 71, Chambers-street, IRVING-HOUSE.

WHILE all other branches of education have kept pace with the progress  
 of the age, the art of writing alone seems to have lagged behind: it is pre-  
 cisely where it was forty years ago, when CARSTAIRS promulgated his method  
 in England. From that time to the present, system after system, method after  
 method, have shot, like meteors, before the public gaze, and, after an evanes-  
 cent popularity, sunk below the horizon, into perpetual darkness and oblivion.  
 Indeed, our educational institutions, public and private, have been, and still  
 are, flooded with writing-books of every imaginable character and pretension.  
 They are, however, one and all, but the crude, ill-digested productions of unre-  
 flecting, inefficient persons; mere abortive attempts, necessarily so from the  
 total absence of any leading principle, and merely ringing the changes on  
 shades of difference scarcely perceptible; so much so, that the term ‘writing-  
 master’ has become a synonym for intellectual weakness and imbecility, for  
 brains of the size and organization of an ostrich’s; in short, for a word which  
 is its own most comprehensive definition — a *writing-master*! In view of these  
 circumstances, it may well be imagined in what frame of mind we approached  
 the examination of another system of writing. That examination, however,  
 reluctantly undertaken, has succeeded in convincing us that the present is the  
 best, and, indeed, the only system of writing that deserves that appellation.  
 It is philosophical in its principles, and logical and rational in its deductions:  
 it *must* accomplish, in every instance, the object it proposes to effect. The  
 work embraces twelve books, which are regularly progressive in their charac-  
 ter. In all the systems hitherto in use, the faculty of imitation is entirely relied  
 upon, to enable the pupil to produce, as nearly as possible, a fac-simile of the  
 copy before him. Now, it would be equally rational to set before the pupil a  
 picture of RAPHAEL, furnish him paints and brushes, and bid him copy it.  
 There are those who have a natural talent or faculty of imitation: such will  
 become good writers under any system, or no system at all. But the great  
 mass of scholars require some contrivance by which to make amends for the  
 absence of the imitative faculty. The work in question professes to give, and  
 we believe does give, the necessary assistance. All previous systems propose  
 to enable the pupil to write *well*, first, and, at some indefinitely-subsequent  
 period, to superadd the ability to write *fast*. The experience of the world, up

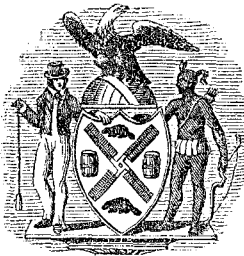
to the present moment, proves this method to be an entire failure. A lad who has learned at school to write *well, slowly*, will find himself utterly unable to increase the speed of his writing, and at the same time to retain its elegance. The moment he attempts to write faster than he is accustomed to, he writes an entirely different hand, having no connection with, or similarity to, his original slow hand. MACLAURIN'S system combines the two elements, *rapidity of execution*, and *correctness of form*, from the very first lesson. The work consists of a series of models, enlarged to several times the ordinary size, which are to be over-run fifty or sixty times each. This practice is intended to produce the greatest possible freedom in the motion of the whole arm and hand. In a more advanced stage, the motion of the fingers is added, thereby combining the two distinct movements, viz.: that of the whole arm and hand, and that of the fingers alone. Indeed, this division of the work may be denominated a system of gymnastic exercises, intended to train the hand and arm, so that the hand may be carried, with unerring accuracy, to any part of the page, while the fingers are trained to do, with equal rapidity, the small part of producing the letters. All this is effected with the utmost rapidity, from the very first lesson, combining, at the same time, the most perfect correctness of form. The author assures us, that pupils, varying in age from eight to fifty years, by going over this course of practice, are enabled to write, easily and handsomely, at the rate of twenty folios per hour; a degree of rapidity which has never been attained by any other process, the ordinary rate for an accomplished penman being ten to twelve folios per hour.

Independently of its intrinsic merits, this system has received the sanction of some of the most distinguished teachers and educationalists in the country. Madame CHEGARAY, whose celebrated school for young ladies has, for so many years, been one of the ornaments of our city; JAS. N. MACELLIGOTT, LL. D., one of our most successful and scientific teachers; Mr. BERTRAM HARRISON, Principal of the BANCROFT Institute; Mr. CHAS. COUDERT, Principal, for the last thirty years, of the Lyceum bearing his name, together with others, equally favorably known to the community, have given the most flattering testimonials of the system, after witnessing its success in their respective establishments. This system is now in successful operation in more than fifty of the public and private schools of New-York and vicinity. In France, it has been submitted to the Minister of Public Instruction, and we have seen a report thereon, published in the official paper, the '*Journal Général de l'Instruction Publique*,' of October 22, 1853, in which the system is highly praised, and recommended for adoption.

We consider this the first step in the right direction, in reference to the *teaching* of writing, and cordially recommend the work to teachers and all those interested in the subject of education, as well as to all commercial men. In all that has been above said, we do not wish to detract from the merit or ability of any persons now engaged in the business of writing. Many of them we know to be elegant penmen; but it has not been sufficiently considered, that the ability to *write*, and the ability to *teach* writing, are entirely distinct qualifications. A man may be a splendid writer, and yet unable to teach others to write. MACLAURIN'S system *teaches* writing, by a process equally applicable to those possessing a remarkable faculty of imitation, and to those devoid of any such faculty.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### Anniversary Festival of Saint Nicholas.



RIGHT grateful are we to our umqwhile brother-steward, who, *more fortunate than ourselves*, was able to be present at the recent anniversary convention of the Sons of SAINT NICHOLAS, for the following succinct report of the 'sayings and doings' on that always delectable occasion: 'For the first time since the opening of the splendid structure which bears his venerated name, the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS assembled within its walls, to celebrate the Festival of their Patron Saint, on the day which history has assigned as his birth, the sixth of December. The occasion, therefore, being one of more than usual interest, a formal dedication, as it were, of the edifice to its illustrious Saint, drew together a very large concourse of the members. The Society convened at six o'clock, P. M., for the transaction of business, which closed with the installation of the officers elect. This ceremony was performed in a most graceful and interesting manner by the 'Committee of Instalments,' Messrs. J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN and AUGUSTUS SCHELL, when the following gentlemen, elected at the special meeting held November fourteenth, entered upon their duties as officers of the SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY for the ensuing year:

#### FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, PRESIDENT.

HAMILTON FISH,	First Vice-President.
JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D.,	Second Vice-President.
JAMES J. ROOSEVELT,	Third Vice-President.
JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD,	Fourth Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. JOHNSON,	Treasurer.
CHARLES R. SWORDS,	Secretary.
RICHARD E. MOUNT, JR.,	Assistant Secretary.

#### MANAGERS.

WILLIAM J. VAN WAGENEN,	ALEXANDER J. COTHEAL,
JACOB ANTHONY,	JOHN RIDLEY,
CORNELIUS OAKLEY,	ELIAS G. DRAKE,
JAMES W. BECKMAN,	NICHOLAS LOW,
SYLVESTER L. H. WARD,	JOHN J. CISCO,
D. HENRY HAIGHT,	JAMES H. KIP.

REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D.D.,	} CHAPLAINS.
REV. WILLIAM M. JOHNSON, D.D.,	
BENJAMIN DRAKE, M.D.,	} PHYSICIANS.
ABRAM DUBOIS, M.D.,	
JOHN C. CHEESMAN, M.D.,	} CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.
RICHARD S. KISSAM, M.D.	

## S T E W A R D S .

GERRIT G. VAN WAGENEN,	WILLIAM DUMONT,
BENJAMIN H. FIELD,	ADRIAN B. HOLMES,
JOHN VAN BUREN,	PETER H. VANDERVOORT,
EDWARD SLOSSON.	

'Between seven and eight o'clock, the Society and its invited guests moved, to the inspiring sounds of a most excellent Band, to the new dining-hall of the Hotel. This splendid apartment, by far the most elegant in the city, with its superb chandeliers, elegantly-frescoed ceiling, and very tasteful arrangement of tables, presented a *coup-d'œil* of the most attractive character. The flags of Holland and the United States meeting in graceful folds over the immense mirrors and the Society's picture of New-Amsterdam in its infancy, were the only additional decorations of the room. A *dais* was elevated at the southern extremity of the hall, in the centre of which presided the newly-elected PRESIDENT, supported on either side by the invited guests of the Society. Four tables, profusely decorated, extended at right angles, and received the members. A temple, immediately in front of the PRESIDENT, surmounted by a beautifully-executed figure of the PATRON SAINT in full robes, crozier in hand, was deservedly very much admired, while many of the ornaments of the other tables well attested the skill and ingenuity of the 'artists' of the establishment. Grace was appropriately said, and thanks returned by the Chaplains of the Society. Nearly two hours were consumed in discussing the admirable bill of fare, when the appearance of the venerable cockéd-hat on the brow of the PRESIDENT, and the ever-watchful Cock that always is found at the festivities of the Society, keeping a sharp look-out to the north-east from his elevated pedestal, called the attention of the members to the intellectual feast that was to follow.

'Mr. DE PEYSTER, arose amidst cordial greetings on every side, and after making his acknowledgments to the Society for the honor which they had conferred upon him by electing him as their PRESIDENT, and assuring them of his devotion to their best interests, continued :

'He was not unmindful of the qualifications of those who had presided theretofore at their festive gatherings, nor of his immediate predecessor, in whose foot-steps he fain would follow. But how could he, unless this venerable *hat* retained some of the virtues attributed to the 'winged cap' of MERCURY? He said they all remembered how, on a certain occasion, a giant statesman of the Union — now, alas! no more! — was welcomed among them by that gentleman. In his eloquent allusions to this *Koh-i-noor* of New-England, all witnessed the coruscations of wit and radiant humor, which then, as at all times, showed our own HOFFMAN to be 'a diamond of the first water.' There sat, the PRESIDENT proceeded to say, 'at our board last year, a former PRESIDENT, venerable in age and standing, who addressed them with the warmth of younger days. In SAMUEL JONES were united profound juridical learning and eminent professional skill. To the graces of the Christian he added the social qualities which embalm his memory. They ever welcomed his venerated form among them, for the deep interest he took in the Society, and for his companionable disposition. Like the ripened fruit of Autumn,

touched by its frosty finger, he had gently fallen to his mother earth, to rise, he trusted, in a happier world.'

'From this brief tribute to departed worth, he turned to the active duties comprehended in the design of their incorporation. The Society seemed to have lost sight of the important ends it had in view, beside their social fellowship. It was made incumbent on them to collect and preserve information respecting the early settlement and manners of our City, not in a *Pickwickian* sense, nor as delineated by the racy humor of their own IRVING, whose playful pen, on the gossamer tissues of *his* weaving, had represented the ancient KNICKERBOCKERS with scenic effect, in characters as fantastic as were some of the legends, (saving his Reverence,) of their PATRON SAINT himself!

'The beacon-lights, earliest erected at Jamestown and New-York, needed rekindling for wider illumination; or the patent magnifying reflectors in the 'Light' on Plymouth Rock would so dazzle by their glare as to make theirs loom up feebly in the distance! It was due to themselves and their Fatherland, not to let the memory of the past grow dim. While subject to the sway of Holland, the foundations of this City and State had been laid broad and deep, resting on the simple but solid virtues and sterling principles which characterized the government of that extraordinary people.

'The disregard,' the PRESIDENT said, 'of these unpretending virtues has led some of our City Fathers sadly into temptation. Grown bold by unchecked extravagance and public indifference, when they extended their open palms, it was not, like their predecessors, for an honest grasp, but to obtain the price of their self-estimated influence. Beyond these delinquencies,' he farther remarked, 'how pleasant it is to trace, in the dawn of our City, the operation of sound principles thus early inculcated. Unchecked emigration, good faith, and fair dealing, gave impulse to that career which New-York had steadily pursued, and which has showered upon her unexampled prosperity.'

'What had produced this mighty result, in connection with her favored position? Was it the '*Saxon element*,' solely, of modern boast? Were the Anglo-Saxons more Saxon in blood than the original inhabitants of Holland? Both belonged to the same great hive, only the former swarmed at a distance from home, and made their honey in other men's possessions. The Hollander, clinging to his paternal estate by manly perseverance, had added to it a great domain, rescued from old Ocean. Both, in fact, belonged to the same *spatula-fingered* race—the peculiar mark of the pure Saxon wherever found.

'But the ARCHIMEDIAN lever, which was to move with resistless energy the public mind of this country, had for its fulcrum, not the singular merits solely of this great race, but those also of that other great race, the CELTIC, whose blended qualities will give to a future era in our history 'its form and pressure.'

'The PRESIDENT went on to say that in the successive multitudes seeking on our shores the means of improving their condition, this process of *amalgamation* was continually going on. By intermarriage, the Saxon and cognate Batavian or Hollander, (the original stocks,) mingling in blood with the CELT, will pour their united stream through the great arteries of this Republic, and animate its noble heart. It is this *homogeneous* character of the population which is to give to these United States their crowning '*solidarity*.'

'He exemplified his views by a characteristic anecdote, told to him (he remarked) by a distinguished authoress of our country, who observed that she never heard the word '*homogeneous*' without its recalling the following incident of her childhood. Her father had invited some friends to dine with him, and had set aside a decanter of choice wine for its fitting introduction after dinner. Before the company were ushered into the dining-room, she, unobserved, found her way there, to look at the arrangements of the table. At a glance she saw that the decanters on the table and that on the side-board were not equally full: so at once she went to work to make the desired level by pouring from one into the other until she had attained her object. This done, she stole away, unperceived, just as the company came into the room. The cloth being removed, and the social conversation resumed, the reserved decanter was introduced and passed round. An eminent statesman present, was asked what he thought of this wine. He

tasted it, eyed it in varied lights, re-tasted it, hesitated, and, after a pause, pronounced it to be, in his opinion, '*quite homogeneous!*'

'Such, the PRESIDENT went on to say, would be the future condition of our people. This process of filling up and levelling is progressing steadily. The result will produce a race PROMETHEAN in spirit, HERCULEAN in strength, impulsive in its energies, spreading from sea to sea; from the frozen regions of the North, to the sunny shores of the Rio-Grande.

'He concluded by saying that, in this march to national greatness, our Metropolitan City was destined to become the centre of commercial and fiscal operations. That it was Dutch by discovery and early possession; Dutch by ancient lineage and the love of home of her children's children; and that it was the duty of the sons of Saint NICHOLAS to preserve the truthfulness of the record which should convey to posterity the veritable details of her origin, settlement, and customs; and by adherence to her primitive faith and principles, to push forward the glorious reform, whereby she might in time become, not only one of the greatest, but one of the *best-governed* cities in the world!'

'Having concluded his remarks amidst the same hearty applause that had welcomed him on rising, the PRESIDENT addressed himself to the duties of the evening, and called upon the members to fill to the first regular toast:

1. 'SAINT NICHOLAS: The genial patron of cosmopolitan New-York. Music: '*Mynheer Van Donck.*'

The 'genial Patron' received a hearty acknowledgment of the love of his Sons in an enthusiastic and prolonged cheering:

2. 'THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: '*President's March.*'

3. 'THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: '*Governor's March.*'

'Both of these toasts received such acknowledgments as Americans know how to give when honoring their public servants.

4. 'THE ARMY AND NAVY: The land attests the gallantry of the one; the ocean has been illumined by the achievements of the other. Music: '*Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle.*'

'This toast was responded to with spirit by Major SPRAGUE, of the Army, who returned his thanks for the compliment, and in a brief review of the character and virtues of the ancient inhabitants of the City, expressed his pleasure and gratification in being able to meet, as on the present occasion, with their lineal descendants. It was farther appropriately responded to by Captain HUDSON, of the Navy.

5. 'OUR CITY: Practising the precepts of her mother, Old Amsterdam, she has become the mart of nations—the exchange of the world. Music: '*Home, Sweet Home.*'

'His HONOR MAYOR WESTERVELT, a member of the Society, responded as follows:

'MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: The position in which I have been placed by the suffrages of my fellow-citizens, will justify me in responding to the sentiment just proposed.

'I am happy to be present on this occasion, in an assemblage where are so many of the descendants of those whose energy, enterprise, and perseverance, laid the foundation of our City's greatness and prosperity—a greatness of which we may be justly proud—a prosperity in which we all rejoice.

'Gentlemen, it is scarcely to be realized that we are now the residents of the greatest commercial mart of the Western Hemisphere; with a population of *six hundred thousand souls*, which fifty years ago contained only about sixty thousand. In 1658, there was but one wharf in the City of New-York; and in 1749, the whole number of vessels belonging to the port registered only about six thousand tons.



"Gentlemen, is there an instance in the whole era of civilization of an advancement in arts and sciences, in manufactures and commerce, like that which our noble City presents for the admiration of the world? Doubtless there are those present who, with me, can cast retrospective glances over the events of the past thirty or forty years: and what a contrast does the present offer to the past! The enterprise, the energy, the skill, the science, the genius of our citizens, have left their lasting mark on every year. The broad Atlantic has been converted by the power of steam into a ferry, and the leviathans of the age traverse it almost with the regularity and punctuality of Time itself.

"The far, far West has been brought into close proximity by the iron links which have bound its agriculture to our commerce. Time and space are annihilated by the magic power of the trained lightning; and the genius of New-York enterprise stretches its giant arm from one extent of our wide-spread country to the other. The product of every nation and every clime are poured into its lap, and the flags of our ships float on every sea.

"Gentlemen, I trust we shall not be forgetful of those to whom so much is due. All honor to those enterprising merchants of Old Amsterdam, whose world-wide reputation, earned and acknowledged from age to age, have been transmitted untarnished to their descendants in the city of their adoption. All honor to the stolid, sturdy Hollanders, whose enterprise, as proverbial as their industry and honesty, has been nourished and cherished by their descendants, until, like a giant, it grasps the world in its embrace!

"But, Gentlemen, I will not occupy your time longer, for I know you expect to hear from eloquent lips now present, 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.' I shall close with thanking you for the honor you have done me in calling upon me to respond to the last sentiment."

"The CHAIR then gave the next regular toast:

6. "THE FATHERLAND: Which taught our people the right to revolt, and gave them efficient aid in the establishment of National Independence. Music: '*De Wilhelmus van Nassauwen*.'"

"The senior Chaplain of the Society, Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, who had but recently returned from a visit to Holland, replied most appropriately, and (as he always does) most eloquently, too, to this toast. He expressed the great gratification that he had received in his visit to the *Fatherland*—a term the very mention of which to him was suggestive of the holiest thoughts and associations; described graphically some incidents of his travels; advocated briefly and earnestly 'the right to revolt,' and eulogized, in fitting terms, those who had taught us the lesson, and given us 'efficient aid' in our day of trouble. He recommended and urged warmly upon the Society the propriety of providing some suitable place in which to preserve the memorials of the past, in a manner similar to an institution that he had visited abroad, and expressed his hopes that the old Dutch Church—the oldest building in the city, with whose history was interwoven so much of the history of the City and State—might hereafter be selected by them for such a purpose. In conclusion, he paid a merited compliment to the Vice-President Historian, Mr. JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD, who had opened the way in his admirable history of the State.

7. "EENDRAGT MAAKT MAGT: the motto of the United Provinces of the Netherlands—bidding us ever remember that 'Union is Might.' Music: '*Wien Neerlandsch Bloed*.'"

8. "THE DAUGHTERS OF MANHATTAN. Music: '*Here's a Health to all Good Lassies*.'"

"To whom, said the PRESIDENT, could he so appropriately look for a response to this toast as to one of the gallant brotherhood of bachelors, always ready to protect the sex; and to whom more appropriately than to the worthy ex-President, JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN?"



'Mr. OGDEN replied with great humor ; 'and while defending the cause of the brotherhood of which he is a distinguished and valuable member, showed a full appreciation of the charms of the sex, and left them nothing to regret in the choice of a champion.

9. 'OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: ever welcome to share the hospitality of our Patron Saint. Music: *'We're a Band of Brothers.'*

'The cheers that announced a hearty welcome to the sister Societies having subsided, the PRESIDENT introduced, as first in honor and dignity, the President of St. GEORGE'S. DOCTOR BEALES returned his thanks for the compliment in a brief speech, full of humor and well-pointed wit. He observed, he said, that the stewards had, in their wisdom, placed the Saints behind and after the ladies. His friend Saint PATRICK suggested to him that they would rather have found themselves placed before them: however, he supposed that the stewards had good reasons for what they had done. Alluding to his professional duties, and the love and pride he always felt in this great city, but which, (turning to his Honor the Mayor,) in his necessary perambulations through its streets, he found very, very dirty, he said reminded him of a very pretty woman with a very dirty face. You could not help admiring her beauty, while you would be very unwilling to kiss her. With several other humorous and playful allusions to the misgovernment of the City, and which told well upon his audience, he gave as a toast:

'KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITALITY: genial and cordial: its guests are ever ready to *come again.*'

'Mr. ADAM NORRIE, President of the Saint ANDREW'S Society, responded briefly, and gave as a toast:

'THE HARBOR OF NEW-YORK: The magnificent receptacle of her commerce, and a standing attestation to the sagacity of the early settlers.'

Mr. BELL, acting, as he said, in behalf of the President of the Friendly Sons of Saint PATRICK, who had but that morning arrived in the steam-ship from Europe, and had not yet got his 'land-legs' on, responded for that association, and gave as a toast: 'WASHINGTON IRVING.' It is needless to say that the name of their distinguished fellow-member was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. CURTIS responded eloquently for the New-England Society, eulogizing the Dutch nation, its religious toleration and hospitality, as exemplified in its reception and kind treatment of those who fled from the persecutions of other countries, and more particularly of that pious band which landed on Plymouth Rock, and whose beacon-light was seen far and wide over the whole country. Mr. LUDEWIG responded in behalf of the President of the German Benevolent Society, Mr. ZIMMERMAN, and gave the subjoined toast:

'SANCTA LIBERTAS: may the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS long enjoy and spread her heavenly blessings.'

'Mr. J. C. ZIMMERMAN, Consul-General of the Netherlands, hailing, as he always did, the day with delight as giving him renewed proofs of the attachment of the members of the Society to the land of their forefathers, which attachment, he assured them, was duly appreciated in his native country, by the head of the nation and its most intelligent subjects, gave as a toast:

'THE MEMORY OF OUR PATRON SAINT — SAINT NICHOLAS: may his spirit always watch over you, and be the advocate of your continued prosperity.'

'After the several Presidents of the National Societies represented at the table, had responded to the toast welcoming them to the hospitalities of Saint NICOLAS, Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK rose and remarked that he claimed his right, as the senior surviving Ex-President, of briefly addressing the company; and he would do this *now*, to supply the absence of one other national voice, which he had hoped and expected to hear on this occasion:

'WE have just before, he said, heard the voice of our beloved and honored Fatherland through one of its diplomatic representatives, in response to the last sentiment; we have listened to the voice of that race 'who speak the tongue that SHAKESPEARE spake,' and imparted it to us; of that kindred race whose accent recalls the idiom of BURNS and of SCOTT; and then, again, of that other land whose utterance gave its tones to the eloquence of BURKE, of CURRAN, and of our own EMMET. Then came the voice of learned Germany, high in speculation and invention, profound in science. There was yet one other voice of our several ancestral races wanting to fill up this choral response of nations. It was that of France — *La Belle France* — the mother of no inconsiderable portion of the ancient founders of our City and State, and whom I am proud to be entitled to represent on this occasion, (in the absence of any one specially delegated to this honor,) as in part inheriting that old blood. I speak now of the Huguenot exiles, who fled to our shores about the beginning of the last century and the close of the one preceding. These venerable exiles were remarkable for the union of the faith and perseverance of the Puritans, with much of the spirit, and tastes, and bearing of the Cavaliers. They were scattered by the blind intolerance of LOUIS XIV., throughout Europe; and wherever they rested, in Russia, Prussia, England, Ireland, they spread arts, manufactures, and science around them. In Holland, especially, which first received the largest proportion of them, the pulpits echoed with the eloquence of their pastors; the press groaned under the learned labors of their scholars; whilst manufacturing skill, high commerce and finance, opened to them sources of wealth, and founded those firms of commercial nobility which have lasted unshaken for nearly two centuries, through wars, revolutions, and all the reverses, and storms, and panics of trade. In this country, they were widely scattered from east to south, and their seed was blessed to the fourth and fifth generation. Thence came the QUINCYS and BOWDOINS of New-England, the DESSAUSURES, PRIOLEAUS, HUGERS, and LEGARES of Carolina. But it was in this City and its vicinity that they found their favorite location; and here their blood mingled with that of old Holland, so that there is scarce a family of the old Dutch stock which has not, through some such ancestor, its share of Huguenot descent. In the direct line, we trace it in many honored names, amongst which shines, with steady and unclouded light, the great name — *clarum venerabile* — of JOHN JAY. In all that has added greatness, or wealth, or dignity to our City or State; in all that has contributed to the happiness or the virtue of private life, may be traced the direct influence of that race. Those venerable fathers, as unvarying tradition tells us, whilst they suffered under the intolerance of the ancient rulers of France, never vented their wrongs in resentment to their country, which they still continued — '*Quand même*' — in their phrase — to love and honor. I ask you, in accordance with that feeling, to join in drinking:

'FRANCE, LA BELLE FRANCE: whether the *Drapeau sans Tache* of the Bourbons, or the *Tricolor* banner of the Republic and NAPOLEON, floated over its soil, always the land of valor, genius, and glory.'

'The Hon. OGDEN HOFFMAN, the immediate predecessor of the PRESIDENT, being loudly called for, responded at length in a speech replete with wit and eloquence, and in those peculiar tones that have so often charmed and spell-bound his auditory. In a vein of playful wit he addressed himself to the PRESIDENT of the Society, admonishing him of the dignity of his position, the *awful authority* vested in that venerable cockéd-hat, and the necessity for a thorough and vigorous administration of the government at the head of which

he was now placed. He alluded to the great part which the Saint NICHOLAS Society had always taken in the affairs of the State, embracing, as it does, Governors, Senators, Judges, Mayors, Sub-Treasurers, Naval-officers, and other dignities with which the community had invested its members — a marked testimonial of the integrity, honor and capacity of those who boasted a descent from Dutch ancestry. He concluded by reading the following correspondence, received by him while President of the Society, but which circumstances had heretofore prevented his laying before them :

‘The Hague, July the 1st, 1853.

‘SIR: I have been especially directed to express to the Saint NICHOLAS Society, of the City of New-York, the thanks of the KING for the copy presented to His Majesty, of the official account of the Banquet given in May, 1852, by the Society to the officers of the Netherland's Frigate, *De Prins van Oranje*.

‘The KING has perused it with great interest, looking upon it as a new testimonial of the kind feelings entertained by the descendants of the old inhabitants of New-Amsterdam for Holland.

‘Begging you to transmit said thanks to the honorable Society, I have the honor to be,

With great regard,

‘Your most obedient servant,

‘F. TESTA,

‘Chargé d’Affaires of His Majesty, the King of the Netherlands,

‘to the United States of North America.

‘OGDEN HOFFMAN, Esq., President of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, New-York.’

‘Mr. HOFFMAN then proposed the health of Baron TESTA, Chargé d’Affaires of His Majesty, the KING of the Netherlands, to the United States.

‘Dr. FRANCIS, Second Vice-President, responded in obedience to a call from the chair, in his usual entertaining and desultory manner. Judge ROOSEVELT, Third Vice-President, being called upon, excused himself from responding, but having heard the name of Mr. VAN BUREN loudly called, contented himself with issuing, in his legal capacity, a ‘mandamus’ upon that gentleman to obey the call. Mr. JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD, Fourth Vice-President, responded as follows :

‘In rising to obey the Chair, he said that at this late hour of the evening, the best return that he could make for the courtesy of the company was to avoid trespassing upon their patience by a long speech. A thought had occurred to him, however, during the day, which he would venture to express. It had been often charged, and, he feared, too truly charged, that the people of New-York had heretofore been strangely regardless of their history, and of the honest fame of their ancestors. While our neighbors, north and south, take a just pride in perpetuating the memory of great events which have occurred within their borders, we have been singularly indifferent to our own antecedents. Yet, these are as honorable and as worthy of fame as those of any other people. Jamestown is venerated by the descendants of the Cavaliers, as the cradle of the ‘Ancient Dominion’ of Virginia; while a grateful posterity almost worships the Rock on which the Fathers of New-England landed at Plymouth. But the occupation of Manhattan, by the enterprising sons of Republican Holland, seven years after Jamestown was founded, and seven years before the first Pilgrim saw the shores of Cape Cod, has hitherto been too generally regarded as an event of comparatively trifling importance. He, (Mr. BRODHEAD,) however, was happy to believe that a better day was coming. A couple of months ago, he was present at Tarrytown, when Governor SEYMOUR dedicated the monument which the patriotic young men of Westchester had erected to commemorate the capture of Major ANDRE. On that interesting occasion he had been especially impressed by the eloquent manner in which the Governor alluded to what he happily termed the commencement of the ‘MONUMENTAL HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.’ That monumental history should go on.

“This afternoon, while strolling on the Battery — that beautiful spot where the commerce of the world may be watched from shady walks — his thoughts went back some two hundred years and more. He called to mind the autumn of 1613; the arrival from Holland of ADRIAN BLOCK, and his adventurous Dutch comrades; the burning of their ship, ‘The Tiger,’ just as they were about to return to Fatherland; the erection of the first few cabins — the germ of New-York — at the extreme point of Manhattan Island; the long winter that the earliest Europeans spent here, cheered in their solitude, and fed in their distress, by the kindness of the aboriginal savages. He thought of the energy with which BLOCK and his companions set about building a new vessel of some sixteen tons; and how they launched her, and called her the ‘Restless,’ as if to foreshadow and typify the enterprising commerce which was destined to follow her from here, and whiten every sea; and how BLOCK sailed in the ‘Restless,’ through Hell-gate, and up the Fresh or Connecticut River, and gave his immortal name to Block-Island, and discovered that Long-Island was divided from the Continent by the Sound. And when he thought of all this — of the humble beginning and the mighty result — it seemed to him that, as New-Yorkers, we should no longer suffer the merited reproach of indifference to the early enterprise of our own first settlers, while the piety of our eastern friends is about to erect a fitting memorial to commemorate the more recent landing of their forefathers on the sands of New Plymouth.’

‘MR. BRODHEAD concluded by offering as a sentiment the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted with all the honors of a toast :

‘RESOLVED: That a monument should be erected on the Battery, to commemorate the first occupation of this City by the Dutch, in the year 1613, and the building of its first vessel, ‘The Restless,’ by ADRIAEN BLOCK; and that this Society will take proper steps to give effect to this resolution.’

‘MR. JOHN VAN BUREN, in replying to a complimentary notice of the stewards — humorously alluding to the presence of a namesake, MR. JOHN D. VAN BEUREN, who, he supposed, was the person figuring so largely in the public prints, and for whose misdoings here and elsewhere he had found himself amenable, though perfectly innocent, and all the time attending to his business at home — succeeded in arousing a war of wit and humor, which, on the part of both gentlemen, was carried on with a spirit and energy that afforded the most unbounded delight; the Parthian arrows being aimed with a precision that never failed to tell.

‘During the evening, the PRESIDENT read the following elegant letter from the HON. EDWARD EVERETT, in reply to an invitation from the stewards to be present on the occasion :

‘Washington, 2 December, 1853.

‘GENTLEMEN: Your obliging note of the twenty-third of November reached me a day or two since. I am greatly indebted to the stewards for their kind invitation to attend the anniversary-festival of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, of New-York. I much regret that it is not in my power to be present on an occasion of so much interest, not merely to the members of the Society, but to all who appreciate as they ought that sterling element of our aggregate American character which is derived from the land of your forefathers.

‘That country stands in no need of holiday-compliments. In the very physical structure of considerable portions of it, it is one of the noblest creations of human energy and perseverance. It contests with Germany, on plausible grounds, the honor of the invention of printing; it is certainly entitled to that of the invention of painting in oils. It led the great contest of Teutonic freedom against the absolutism of the Latin races before either England or Sweden took the field. The Declaration of the Independence of the seven United Provinces, in 1581, was the model of the Declaration of 1776. The government of the Netherlands was the first that sent out a well-organized

and well-fought navy; it was, in fact, the first example, in the modern world, of a powerful though ill-compacted Republic. In ERASMUS, the Netherlands produced one of the earliest and most efficient restorers of the lost literature of the ancient world; and in GROTIUS, the great legislator of the International Code. They received and sheltered the fugitive founders of New-England; they colonized New-York; they gave to Great Britain the liberal and politic prince who rescued her from the tyranny of the STUARTS.

'The country that can show such titles to the admiration and gratitude of mankind, may be content with her place in history. Her descendants, in whatever region, will have no occasion to be ashamed of their origin.

'I remain, Gentlemen,

'With much respect,

'Faithfully yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

'Messrs. G. G. VAN WAGENEN,

JOHN VAN BUREN,

WILLIAM DUMONT,

BENJAMIN H. FIELD,

PETER H. VANDERVOORT,

ADRIAN B. HOLMES,

EDWARD SLOSSON,

} Stewards.'

'He then proposed the health of Mr. EVERETT, which was responded to in a manner that showed the high appreciation, entertained by the members, of the letter and its distinguished author. He next read the following toast, sent, he remarked, by that faithful and true Son of Saint NICHOLAS, Mr. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, of the KNICKERBOCKER, who, being under the pleasant necessity of exercising a KNICKERBOCKER virtue, in extending hospitality to others, was compelled to absent himself from the feast:

'THE KNICKERBOCKER 'PLATFORM': 'Old Times, Old Friends, and Old Associations. Air: 'When this Old Cup was New.'

'The health of the hospitable and energetic proprietors of the Hotel, MESSRS. TREADWELL and ACKER, having been proposed, Mr. HOFFMAN responded in their behalf, and by their request, in appropriate and merited terms.

'The PRESIDENT took occasion, during the evening, to exhibit a glass jar of preserved pears, a present from Mrs. JANE M. MACNEVEN, 'gathered from an old Dutch tree on the farm of her brother, Mr. J. L. RIKER.' This appropriate token of the remembrance of a venerable KNICKERBOCKER lady, was an agreeable and interesting incident of the evening. The pleasures of this 'era of good feeling' were greatly enhanced by the presence of the celebrated troupe, 'BUCKLEY's Serenaders,' who, from time to time, sung some very fine glees, accompanied by the piano. There was a misty halo of 'social glory' about the scene at this time, which, as the novelists say, can 'better be imagined than described.' Seated with their long pipes and cheerful glasses before them, each member and guest seemed the very embodiment of true enjoyment.

'At a very late, or rather early hour, (about two o'clock), the PRESIDENT called to his chair Mr. Vice-President BRODHEAD, who, reorganizing his now-thinning ranks, commenced a new era of pleasure. Speeches and merriment prolonged the hours of festivity, until the words of the chorus,

'We won't go home till morning, till day-light doth appear,'

came very near receiving a practical demonstration.'

GOSSIPING LETTER FROM A SCHOOLMASTER IN MINNESOTA. — In the absence of any positive information upon the subject, we shall venture to attribute the following letter to the pen of the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*.' We had heard that that journal had been suspended for lack of adequate patronage, and that its 'talented' and versatile editor had 'moved out west.' Finding 'how hard it was to write good' for his paper, and how unpleasant the memory of having his nose pulled 'on political grounds,' he has undoubtedly 'gone and located' at the 'Old North Gulch,' where he is engaged at target-practice with the 'Young Ideas' of that neighborhood. His 'style,' remarkable as it always was, seems even improved in the present epistle:

'Waccolby Station, Minnesota: at the Old North Gulch, October 1st, 1853.

'DEAR SIR: In order that I may give you the earliest ideas of our Territory, I sit down to inform you of what is doing at present at the Old North Gulch. You may, perhaps, be at this time somewhat engrossed in your Crystal Palace, and Ethiopian minstrels, of which we have received extravagant plaudits in these parts: while not over one man in fifty, in your community, is probably examining the western papers in order to be informed of the doings at our Gulch. Minnesota Territory is gradually rising in the scale of the States, and if you do not hear oftener from us, it is not because we are unaware of the interest which may be excited among you with reference to our doings, but because we are engaged in manufactures. Your Magazine circulates to a considerable extent among us, and common-schools abound; which, I think, may lead your citizens to judge us as not behind the age. Whatever may be said of the rest of Minnesota, the people of the Gulch, could you see them, (more especially I now refer to those who live near the saw-mill, and by Mr. PITCHIN's felling-works,) are really up to the age, if not beyond it, in intelligence; and some of the operatives quite transcendental. I am a common-school teacher myself, and only testify to what I do know. Could the people of New-York come out here, they would see that which would astonish them. I refer not only to the trade on the canals, but to the general progress of the inhabitants. Lyceums are by no means of rare occurrence, while, in the winter season, lectures may be heard in our school-houses which would probably do credit to any Hope-Chapel in your thickly-populated community. In fact, our lectures have become so abundant, that we think of abolishing them altogether, and substituting Encyclopedias in their stead.

'At the Gulch, all is life. By noon, the stage comes in, and brings the newspapers from the East. This is an exciting time with us, as we are anxious to know what the Zar is going to do. Will the war go on between Turkey and Russia? — that is the great point. We of the Gulch think that the Ottoman is a Mahometan gentleman, while the Zar is a barbaric despot. Could our people conveniently turn out a regiment, we would do so with much pleasure, as an auxiliary corp; in which case, we would give some of those DEMBINSKYS a thrash. As it is, we can but wish well to the Ottoman Port. This, however, is conducting me, step by step, from matters which may be of more immediate interest to your citizens.

'A very delicate trial has been for a long time pending, and lately eliminated, in our midst, one of the parties of which was considered as one of our hitherto most respected and respectable citizens. Mr. GIMBLIN had long resided among us, an individual whom no man could shake a stick at with impunity; a kind father, a good husband, an affectionate brother, a voter at our polls, member of a fire-company, a payer of taxes, a subscriber to the Tract Society, master of the village-pound, a valetudinarian, and a church-member, all of which was so much *prima-facie* evidence in his favor.

'Of a sudden, it was hinted that he had become flagrantly dereliquent in a matter which concerned the peace and well-doing (pecuniary) of this community. It gave a shock which, as it was not anticipated, was correspondingly awful. He was a man whom



we were in the habit of meeting every day at our post-office, and on the corners of our principal streets, in the store, in the blacksmith's shop, and in the grocery, where, sitting upon the counter, we were in the habit of knocking our heels against the boards, smoking pipes, and discussing politics; in which Mr. GIMBLIN seemed to have more insight than any of us, finding most fault of all with our Postmaster-General, because he did not dispatch the mails to the Gulch so speedily as he had ought to do. Some property was suddenly missing. Mr. GIMBLIN was taken up on this suspicion, and it made a most tremendous noise, as you may rest assured. I do n't believe that there is one village this side of the Rocky mountains where this affair of GIMBLIN was not talked about, to which the wings of the electric-telegraph lent their aid. That the character of so prominent a man should be blasted, and that in the bud, seemed to be like the off-shots of fiction, rather than a mere, simple, disingenuous fact; and it was essentially discredited by nearly all individuals of a respectable cast who became cognizant of the same. For, what object, it was remarked, and that exceedingly judiciously, could he have, so to render himself amenable and obnoxious to the courts of justice, when it was supposed that he had large property at stake in the iron-mines, to say nothing of the offices which he held, and his responsibility as a father of a family? It looked like a figment in the very face of it: a nightmare, an incubus, and a substratum of mere folly, to which there could be appended not one single justifying circumstance. For my own part, I resolved to remain neutral in the matter until more positive material should be added to superincumbent weight, and give a semblance of the crime specified: (for, to be frank with you,) Mr. GIMBLIN was charged with stealing a watch, an ever-pointed pencil, and the half of a hog. As to the pencil, it was stated to have been found onto his person, but he could find justifying circumstance for the same.

'When the trial drew near, Mr. GIMBLIN sent a polite note to all his friends and acquaintances, both at the Gulch and elsewhere, not by any manner of means to omit being present at his trial, in order that they might be the witnesses and spectators of his substantial vindication from this infamous and flagitious charge. He asked it as a particular favor of his friends, to come as if they were coming to his wedding, and bring *their* friends; while, in the intervening junction of time, he smiled a still smile, placed his hand on his heart, and said he did not steal the spare-ribs or the watch, so help him God. He wrote to me, under date of the fifteenth:

'MY DEAR FRIEND: I am as cheerful as a wood-sawyer. Drop in and see me; and by no means—if you have to shut up your school and give the scholars a vacation—fail to attend my trial, and bring the first class in grammar with you. I want the rising generation to see how innocence can stand on its pedestal; for I never stole the hog, and as to the watch it was my grand-father's; while the pencil is too trifling a matter to discuss at this present.

'P. S. If you should see friend JONES, tell *him* to come.'

'In consequence of all this, we proceeded to the court-house on the appointed day: and now I am going to report to you the most singular part of the matter. Mr. GIMBLIN never looked better in his life. His face shone like a razor with a sort of satisfaction, and he looked all round, like an eagle on a pole. He shook hands with me, and he shook hands with Mr. EBENEZER ELLIOT, and he asked how all the children were, and he went up to the first class in MURRAY'S English grammar, which I had brought into the court-room to gratify him, and he smiled patronizingly onto them, and said to them: 'Boys, be virtuous, and you will be happy!' When the question was put to him, he plead 'not guilty,' with a voice like the thunder of a cataract, and he repeated it over two or three times, striking his chest and nodding his head, and asseverating, 'Not guilty! not guilty!' We all nodded back to him approvingly, and whispered to one another: 'Here is a case of gross conspiracy; Mr. GIMBLIN is safe!' and he nodded back to us, as much as to say: 'Wait a few moments: I *am* safe!'

'Well, the judge sot, and the jury sot, and the witnesses were brought on and examined; and though you may scarcely find it possible to credit what I may now state to you, I declare upon my word and honor, that the charge was fastened on him by the most abundant testimony, clear as day, bright as a beam of sun-light, and not the least mistake. He stole the watch, he stole the half-hog, and he stole the ever-pointed pencil—all three. We looked upon one another, and were dumbfounded, and could



scarcely credit our ears. We then looked upon Mr. GIMBLIN; and, his countenance lighting up suddenly, like a ray of light which had slanted down from the Alleghanies, gave us renewed hope that there might be some kink in the testimony, and some loop-hole through which, by some possible manner of means, an insulted innocence might squeeze itself. Standing firmly onto his legs, and surveying the learned counsel, casting a forgiving look on those who had testified against him, folding his arms on his breast, and hacking and coughing two or three times, in order to clear his throat — as he was at the time afflicted very severely with the influenza — he spoke (altogether extemporany) in a fluent voice, and addressed the Court thus:

‘May it please the Court: I came here, convicted of my innocence, and could not entertain a doubt upon a matter of so vital an interest; and I *do* feel, now, an indisposition to change my views; being far more willing to have a good opinion of this deponent. But, gentlemen, I am compelled to do it, constrained by the force of the testimony, which appears to be irrefragable, unequivocal, and much stronger than I deemed any way possible, to acknowledge that the guilt of this deponent has been very circumstantially and fully made out. I am afraid you will have to send me to jail. I guess that will be the shortest road of squaring up accounts; and after that, I shall be a wiser and better man. I have no doubt but what I shall be a wiser and a better man.’

‘With that, he made as handsome a bow as any gentleman could make, and smiled quite in good spirits. We are dumbfounded at the Gulch. Yours, ‘Y. Z.’’

‘UNCLE REUBEN:’ A ‘DOWN-EAST’ SKETCH. — We know not how it may be with others, but we *do* like to ‘scan’ such home-pictures as the following of ‘Uncle Reuben,’ a ‘down-east’ wag of the first water. No one can doubt that the sketch describes a real character, and that he was a ‘marked man’ in his day and generation:

‘I NEVER knew such a general favorite as ‘Uncle REUBEN’ was. He was not one of your universal ‘uncles’ — uncle to every body — but my own great-uncle — my grandmother’s brother. He is not a fictitious, but a *real* character, as many a man in the Old Colony has had abundant reason to believe. It was a great treat to have him come in to spend an evening, whether he talked of politics, or, as he used to express it, ‘small, like a woman.’ My mother never stopped her spinning-wheel for any man but him; and when he took off his hat, (a sure indication that he intended to spend the evening,) her face would gradually brighten into a DRUMMOND-light. While he tarried, she seemed to ache with delight, and for days after, she would continually break out laughing, and laugh till she cried. I was a chicken then, and wondered why she cried and laughed so; but I was comforted to find that every body did the like. Yet ‘Uncle REUBEN’ was hardly ever known to laugh, and but seldom to smile. The women and children all loved him — a sure indication of a good heart; and *he* loved every body.

‘There was Corporal STANDISH, that every body *else* hated, for he was always doing disagreeable things: slandering his neighbors, and even the parson; continually poking that ugly pug-nose of his where it had no business to be; and apparently for the express purpose of having it pulled. But ‘Uncle REUBEN’ was always kind to *him*, and Mr. STANDISH liked ‘Uncle REUBEN’ as well as he did any body, until one rainy Saturday evening, when the neighbors were all over to Mr. MORSE’s ‘shoemaker-shop’ talking politics. Mr. MORSE had just taken from off the fire a kettle of wax, and set it aside to cool. While it was still warm and shining, Mr. STANDISH came in. ‘Uncle REUBEN’ remarked, incidentally, that powder for the hair had all gone out of fashion. ‘The General Assembly have recommended not to use it, and at the last court none of the judges wore wigs. Hair-oil is all the rage, and ‘Government,’ in order to do the handsome thing for Gen. LAFAYETTE, have given him the exclusive right to make it.’ ‘Uncle REUBEN’ then read from a newspaper quite a long article to that effect, and although I tried to

find it in the same paper all the next day, I could not. It wound up by saying that 'Mr. RODOLPHUS MORSE, of M ———, was sole agent for said town.'

'Mr. STANDISH, spying the kettle, cried out: 'Ah, ha! what you got in that kittle, Mr. MORSE?'

'Only just trying this receipt,' replied MORSE.

'Now, Mr. MORSE,' said Uncle REUBEN, 'Corporal STANDISH is an old neighbor, and although he is not on the *best* terms with you all, perhaps it is as much *your* fault as *his*. What is the use of an eternal grumble? Now, I propose a truce: instead of the hair-oil you was going to give me, to fix *my* hair for to-morrow, let Mr. STANDISH have it, and shake hands all around. What do you say? Shall by-gones be by-gones?'

'Mr. MORSE held out his hand, and all in turn shook hands.

'Then,' said Uncle REUBEN, 'set right up here, Mr. STANDISH, and I'll fix it myself, just as General BRADFORD had *his* at the Republican Convention.'

'So Mr. STANDISH took the chair, and 'Uncle REUBEN' put on a thick coat of the wax, with a direction that he must not touch it, even with his hat, for two hours, lest it should take off the gloss. In about half an hour, the victim went home, feeling very grand; but, just before he went, he stepped up to a little piece of looking-glass, tacked up with nails to a post, and took a view of himself: the only expression he made was, 'I *vowney!* what a gloss!' Although the evening was rainy, yet he touched not his head with his hat.

'After he was gone, that old shop broke out into a fit of hysterics; and, although they certainly *did* laugh, yet they all agreed, it 'was no laughing matter.'

'STANDISH was not seen out of his door-yard for a long while. 'Then had the neighbors rest throughout that region, and were not a little comforted.' Some said STANDISH and his wife had a quarrel, when he went home that night, because she said he was 'a fool;' but certain it was that there was great excitement, for a candle was burning until almost morning.

'When his hair had grown again, 'Uncle REUBEN' went to see him, and congratulated him upon his recovery from his fever, and behaved in so kind a manner, that the Corporal refused to believe that 'Uncle REUBEN' knew that he had not been sick, and that the wax was not hair-oil; 'for,' said he, 'how did *he* know what it was, till Mr. MORSE told him?—and, besides, if I *asked* him to put it on, what right have I to find fault? and why did I *let* him put it on, if I did not *want* it on? Come, now!'

'Then there was PAUL —, who shot pigeons on 'Uncle REUBEN's' pigeon-bush; and, although he might have prosecuted him for it, he never did, nor did he 'hold any hardness against him;' for 'Uncle REUBEN' *was* a kind man. He even went, one rainy morning, before PAUL was up, to borrow his gun, which PAUL refused to lend, but was very anxious to know what he wanted it for; and 'Uncle REUBEN' generously told him he wanted to shoot into a flock of wild geese that had lighted on the big maple, down in the swamp. PAUL was up in a minute, and although apparently 'Uncle REUBEN' was trying to borrow somebody's else gun, yet PAUL was off before him. He crept a long way on his hands and knees, through the mud and rain, so as not to frighten the geese.

'But in an hour he returned, without having seen the first feather, with his pantaloons wet and dirty, and his jacket badly torn. Mr. STANDISH twitted him about it, and said he was a 'ninkum' to believe that a goose, that can hardly stand on the ground, could, with his web-feet, hold on to a tree! The only reply was, 'I *vowney, what a gloss!*'

'MACAULAY observes that 'a taste for severe *practical* jokes, in a man of mature years and strong understanding, when habitually indulged in, is almost invariably the sign of a bad heart.' But I feel bound to say, as a true biographer, that no man, living or dead, ever had a kinder heart than 'Uncle REUBEN,' nor more generosity and disinterestedness. He never played a practical joke unless it was deserved by the unlucky wight upon whom it fell. He was never known to be in a rage; and when he caught CALVIN E—— firing his stack of hay, he was not even angry. CALVIN expected to answer his offence before a legal tribunal: but 'Uncle REUBEN' never called upon the

lawyer for assistance to punish those that sinned against him. Some months after, early one February morning, CALVIN was seen coming down the road, with a pair of ox-bows in one hand, a bunch of whip-handles in the other, and any number of birch-brooms dangling from his shoulders. These were the work of his winter-evenings, and with them he was bound to market. 'Uncle REUBEN' was at breakfast. When CALVIN had passed the house, 'Uncle REUBEN,' without his hat, rushed out, and shouted: 'Which way, Mr. E——?'

'To Barrington,' was the reply.

'I thought as much,' said 'Uncle REUBEN.' 'Bless your soul! did n't you know the windmill-dam was broken up, and that there has been no passing this way these two days? You must either give up your journey, or go around through Centreville.' 'Uncle REUBEN' then went back to finish his breakfast, and had the pleasure of seeing CALVIN retrace his steps, and take the Centreville road.

'At eleven o'clock, CALVIN had passed Centreville, and entered the high-road between M—— and Barrington, when he met PAUL, and they stopped to 'take something' together.

'I've had a hard jaunt,' said CALVIN, 'and this does me good, for I was almost jaded out.'

'A three-mile heat tucker you, CALVIN?'

'No, indeed,' rejoined CALVIN; 'but I have had to travel around by Centreville, which 'is a hard road to travel, I believe.'

'Why, what on airth sent you way around there?'

'Why, the windmill-dam has given way, you know, and' ——

'Ha! ha! ha! Windmill-dam! Ha! ha! ha! Windmill-dam! Je-reu-salem! If REUBEN —— has n't pulled the wool over your eyes, then I'm no conjuror!' Just then, PAUL thought of the wild-geese chase he had been led, and, lest he should be turned upon, drove on at a furious rate, shouting, 'Windmill-dam! O Je-reu-salem!' till he was out of sight.

'Any man who cheated 'Uncle REUBEN' was sure to lose by it. If time elapsed before the debt was paid, good interest was certain to be collected.

'Uncle REUBEN' was a carpenter, and Mr. BURR bargained with him to frame his house at a given price. The frame was completed according to contract, but Mr. BURR refused to pay till the cellar-stairs were made. This was not in the contract, but 'Uncle REUBEN' made the stairs and took his money.

'A few days after, the people came from far and near to the raising. A 'raising,' in those days, was a great holiday. Genuine 'New-England,' and none of your poisonous vitriol rum of the present day, was the customary beverage. The head-carpenter must take the first drink, and the shout went up for 'Uncle REUBEN;' but he was no where to be found. 'Was not 'Uncle REUBEN' invited? Why is he not here? What is the meaning of all this?' Mr. BURR himself at last took the place of the head-carpenter, and they proceeded to lay hold of the timbers; but no teson and mortice had the same number, and by way of clearing up the difficulty, they took another 'nipper.' The afternoon had wasted away, and the first timbers were not put together, or, at least, put together wrong. The liquor was all gone, and the company voted to adjourn until the next day, for more liquor. The day following, 'more liquor' was obtained, and it being noised abroad that REUBEN P —— framed the building, an unusually large company appeared, to see the fun.

'They then refused to move a timber until 'Uncle REUBEN' was sent for, or at least, until he gave them some instructions. A messenger was dispatched for him, but he refused on account of a rheumatism. He said he could hardly be induced to go out for a ten-dollar note; that the frame was perfect enough, but it was ten to one if they could put it together. The excitement was intense, and increased by the liquor. The company demanded Mr. P —— to be sent for, and a ten-dollar note by the messenger. Mr. BURR said he did not care for the ten dollars, but it was the manner in which it was obtained. That weighed upon him like a mountain! Mr. B —— then tried him with five dollars, but it was of no use. The ten dollars were forthcoming, and 'Uncle REU-

BEN' was among his shouting friends in an instant. 'A leetle of King JEEMES' eye-water, all around!' said 'Uncle REUBEN.'

'What is the matter with the frame?' said Mr. BURT.

'Nothing at all,' was the response. 'As I said before, the frame is perfect, but it is *ten to one* if you can put it together. Look at this tenon, numbered twelve; now, where does it go? Why, it goes into the mortise number two, of course. And where does *this* tenon, number one, go? Why, into number ten, of course; for, as I said in the first place, and always told you, it was *ten to one* if you could put it together.'

'Uncle REUBEN' had received double his pay for the stairs, and Mr. BURT received notice that he was elected a member of the 'Trade-Sale Company.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—'The March of the Saxons' comes to us from a friend whose contributions have more than once delighted the readers of these pages:

'You remember, don't you, that touching story told by Dr. RUSH, of the SWISS, who left his land and his language behind him, and sought a new home in the new world?

'Years went on, and at length the time came for the old man to die. He lay upon his couch. The lights grew dim, for 'they that look out at the windows were darkened.' 'Loved voices were hushed, for 'the daughters of music were brought low.' His hands were folded upon his breast; his lips moved; he spoke. His old wife bent over him, but the accents were strange. The exile was a child again. He was beneath the shadows of the eternal mountains once more. The rush of the torrent swelled upon his dying ear; the Alpine 'glow' brightened his dying eye. The song of his sister floated out through the open door, from 'the cot where he was born,' and he breathed his last prayer in the language of other days.

'The world is full of words. All too often, they fall lightly from the lip, but they nestle in the heart at last. The wardrobe of thought—they tremble with the emotion they cannot hide; they warm with the fervor they cannot chill.

'By the way, do you not bless yourself that you speak a dialect rich in such words as home, hope, heart, hearth, happiness, and heaven? That your 'lines have fallen to' you in ANGLO-SAXON 'places'?

'For, was it not an ANGLO-SAXON soul that, by the pillars of HERCULES, watched the western main, as the dumb waves rolled around the blue walls of heaven? An ANGLO-SAXON hand that struck off the first word of the inscription, and left it *plus ultra*, more beyond; and when the breeze blew free, grasped the tiller, and went down like the sun in the dim west? An ANGLO-SAXON eye, to whose dazzled sight the Andes' fiery flags were unrolled in welcome above a giant-world? An ANGLO-SAXON heart that throbbed triumphant on Plymouth's rocky threshold?

'And 'the Genesee country,' that used to be at the end of the world, that was on the very borders of people's dreams a century ago. The forest-coronals have trembled to ANGLO-SAXON strokes; and ANGLO-SAXON harvest-songs float melodiously through the valley of the Genesee.

'But he paused not yet. Beyond him murmured the waters of the beautiful Ohio; and on he went; and the tangled wilderness he made vocal with Saxon songs, and blessed with Saxon homes.

'On he went, till he stood entranced upon the crystal threshold of the prairies; a threshold wherein England, with its great heart of the world; with its Westminster, its memories, and all its wealth of glories and of graves, could be merged, like some rare gold coin of the olden time, and there still, in all its glorious proportions, would stand the West!

'On he went, over the prairies, damp with the imprint of the palm of OMNIPOTENCE, till a long, low line, something like a cloud, something like a furrow, loomed up in his

western horizon. And it *was* a furrow — that frosted furrow in God's fallow-field, the Rocky Range. Undaunted still, he paused at length, at the Southern Pass — that gateless Gaza of the farther West. Upon the everlasting lintels of the mountains, he traced the words he had borne with him from the pillars of Gibraltar, *more beyond*, wrapped his robe about him, and passed sublimely through and on, till the murmur of Pacific's gentle waves rose on his quickened ear.

'From frozen Onalaska, whence came, but now, 'the wolf's long howl,' rolled the music of SAXON accents, the tread of SAXON foot-steps, the strains of SAXON song.

'Far down from the Cordilleras and old volcanic graves, came up on the sweet south-wind, the shout of SAXON tongues, the carol of SAXON children, the clink of SAXON hammers. Onward still, until the wanderer sat down and bathed his weary feet in the calm waters of the milder-main.

'He looked up, and the porcelain towers of the Celestial Empire glittered in the setting sun! In his march around the world, the ANGLO-SAXON had wheeled back the globe a half revolution, but he launched a bark that lay there sunning upon the shore, and away with his Saxon greeting for 'the Island of the Sea!'

If any creature that treads the earth is vilified and abused, it is the JACK: every body that is stupid, ignorant, stubborn, vile, malicious, or what ever else that is repulsive, is invidiously compared to 'a *jackass*.' A correspondent, moved by pity, believes it high time that something eulogistic was said in favor of this victim of persecution, especially as he happens to own one which he regards as a favorite:

'My darling JACK, I must contend,  
Has enviable ways:  
He never makes a boisterous noise,  
Excepting when he brays.

'So splendidly his virtues shine,  
They lead me to adore him;  
He never halts upon the road  
When fodder is before him.

'If gentle meekness merits praise,  
*This* grace to you appeals;  
He's never yet been known to kick  
The man that shunned his heels.

'His master's word should he refuse  
To hear with all his strength,  
'T is plainly not because his ears  
Have not sufficient length.

'In fine, if all his powers have not  
Received their right direction,  
His MAKER, be it not forgot,  
Ne'er meant him for perfection.'

B. B.

Apropos of jack-asses: we never heard but *one* man praise their music. We did, however, once hear an English vocalist, who was surprised for the first time by the sonorous bray of a 'jack,' exclaim: 'Good 'evens! w'at a horgan he's got! — and w'at a *sostenuto*!' The mule is the same as a jackass, save that the latter is 'more so.' The 'organ' of the former lacks the 'compass' of the male animal. - - - 'TIME is money,' Dr. FRANKLIN says, and 'correct time' is all-important. If our town or transient readers would see something *worth* seeing, let them drop in at the new and magnificent clock-establishment, Number Three Hundred and Thirty-Eight, Broadway. Such a stock, such a

variety of styles, patterns, and prices, has never been seen in America before. You can range from seventy-five cents to two thousand dollars, and all complete of their kind; clocks for church-spires, railroad dépôts, banks, large halls, insurance-companies, watch-makers' regulators, etc., are all heard at once, with a noise like the constant patter of a summer-shower. These are sent to California, Europe, Australia, indeed, all over the habitable globe. This vast establishment, considered only as an architectural structure, is one of the 'lions' of the city. The large regulator in front of the store, will be the time-keeper for New-York, the same as the black-ball clock of the observatory at Greenwich. It will be regulated, every clear day, by the sun. - - - CHRISTMAS is upon us! The merry days have returned again: the days of sugar-plums, roast beef, and plum-pudding; when children are replete with drums, whistles, dolls, wooden-horses, and sweet-meats; and when they are so crazy with delight they don't seem to know any thing else but Christmas; as though the world was one long, wild, harum-scarum holiday, and life a grand circle of frolic, set around with tin-trumpets and rattles. Well! we believe in the little ones, and would exclaim to them, in the utmost good faith, 'Go it while you're young!' We *do* like to see a small army of little ones, gathered round the Christmas-tree, shouting and romping like so many tempestuous young bulls of Bashan: hear them squeal; see them tumbling about, inflicting frantic whacks on the unoffending floor; bumping furniture uncompromisingly, and to the ruin thereof. We have often thought that the biography of children would be something highly entertaining. We suppose they say and do more amusing things than all the men in the world ever dreamed of; and a narrative devoted to the faithful record of their lives would be a more useful and enterprising publication than all that HUME, GIBBON, and kindred 'old fogies,' ever gave to the world. And so thinks a most welcome correspondent:

'In these latter days, when every body is vindicating every body else's wrongs, I would respectfully raise the banner of juvenility: let others espouse the women and their cause; give them the rights of which they have always been so unjustly deprived; let them have all they ask; let them vote, and make stump-speeches, chew tobacco, and drink whiskey; let them lie, swear, and steal, and get put in the calaboose for it, as we men do: these are the glorious rights and inestimable privileges for which our fathers fought, bled, and died; and women ought to have a slice. If others are philanthropic about man, 'so mote it be;' I have no objection: while others pursue their own inclinations, I claim a similar privilege, and am 'strong on children,' for I consider them a down-trodden, abused, snubbed race.

'People write the biography of men; why don't they do a like justice to the youngsters? Men, for instance, are proclaimed to be great financiers, whereas they're no fraction of an idea to children. Did you ever know of so many things bought with one lone quarter of a dollar as a seven-year-old will buy on Christmas morning? The quantity of sugar-plums and ginger-bread that such an investment will produce is perfectly incredible; quite sufficient to create a contagious disease in the neighborhood, and originate doctor's bills to the extent of a year's income. Any child of ordinary intelligence can make itself dangerously ill on the proceeds of three cents; and a six-pence is invariably fatal. We would rather set a reasonable number of urchins, with a six-pence a-piece, to furnish supplies for an invading-army, than all the Secretaries of War, wearing patches on their unmentionables.

'I had a brother—he's dead now, rest his soul!—that my father made a living profit off of, up to the time he was eight years old, such was the inordinate quantity of things he would purchase with the smallest outlay. He was purveyor-general to the



household about Christmas times; and I have known him to buy, with one poor half-dollar, two drums at a dollar a-piece; dolls for his five sisters; whips, tops, and marbles, without number, for his brothers; something comfortable for his parents; beside figs, oranges, candy, and a large piece of dog-meat; and then he would try to lay up a few coppers out of the change.

'Men pretend to be very shrewd and sharp at driving bargains: there is n't a child living, under ten years of age, that could n't cheat them out of their eyes. There used to be a little store up town, where the price of every thing appeared to be five cents: it did n't seem to make any difference what the article was; it was always worth just that precise sum: and I suppose if we had asked the old Italian the value in fee-simple of his house and lot, he would have put it to us at the universal half-dime; and yet, all the children of our neighborhood were continually buying things there, and none of us ever had more than two or three cents all told; for I well remember that we never held exclusive ownership over the sum of five cents at once, until we were reading CÆSAR: I know we used to think, at the time, that we were defrauding the old Italian out of millions and millions of money; and we often went up there expecting to see him break, though I do n't suppose that the whole amount of our purchases, in a series of years, came to a dollar.

'This week I was at this very store, and felt my youth renewed like the young eagle's, as I watched the negotiations going on between the shop-keeper and the little ones for toys: one rosy-cheeked, chubby little fellow, about four years old, came toddling in, and performed an escalade on a bag of coffee, which brought him within grabbing-distance of the counter, when he seized the first thing he could lay hold of, which proved to be a wooden NAPOLEON crossing the Alps, as he is represented in the primers, with his horse standing on one hind leg, and his tail, varying considerably from the perpendicular, backward.

'How much is this?' gasped the little one.

'Five cents,' said the store-man.

'Well, I'll take it,' was the response, as the little fellow deposited two cents on the counter; and take it he did, and scrambled down off of the coffee-sack and rolled away, just as though it was a satisfactorily-completed commercial transaction. Now, there's no resisting a financial operation of that description; and what can you do in such a case? The boy doubtless thought it was all right: the *price*, he imagined, was a mere nominal thing, not worthy of material consideration.

'A propensity for trading and financial negotiations, of every description, is one of the earliest traits exhibited in childhood. If a child comes into possession of a piece of money by gift, grant, inheritance, or otherwise, the first thing is to spend it: the object is not so much to get any thing in return; *that* is a mere secondary consideration. To get rid of the money is the great thing. All children manifest a most stoical indifference as to *what* they buy, so that the grand result is obtained—immunity from 'change'; a child, therefore, always buys the first thing it sees, no matter what it is; unless, indeed, a multiplicity of things is presented at once, and then its perplexity is amusing. Now, we suppose no one would think of buying a pickled cod-fish as a Christmas-present for a young lady, save a child six years old, and yet I have known that event to take place.

'The purchases made on a Christmas-day, by the smaller part of our population, are sometimes highly curious. To hear the deliberations, discussions, and proposals of the little ones, is more than funny. If they saw only one thing at once, they would find no difficulty in a speedy purchase; but when they get into a shop, which is a vast and illimitable expanse of toys, their embarrassment is entirely discomfiting: they always want to buy sixty different things, with not money enough for any one; and then the long-drawn agony is, *what* to get! I heard one little girl deliberate herself into a state of partial derangement, and at last, in despair of coming to a conclusion, tell the vender to 'send the store home!'

'The general result, however, is, to buy the most impracticable things for the most ridiculous purposes: they most frequently get for a sister a foot-ball, or pair of false



whiskers; they give their mother a pair of skates, and the baby a kite; the man JOHN is remembered with an ornamental statuette; and he is at a loss to know whether it is to be eaten with sugar, or wound up and set a-going; and as children, in the goodness of their little hearts, are especially mindful of dumb animals, the cat is dressed up in a new flannel waist-coat, and her feet put into boots of walnut-shells, whereat she goes straight into fits, while the chickens are constrained to eat soft molasses-candy.

'In all these, and a thousand similar things, what delight do children experience, and how does Christmas day bring them all, with their fun and frolic, before us! — for it is the day of children; His day, whose kingdom is of such; and its returning sun renews again the memories of childhood. The friends of youth again smile on us; voices that have long been hushed, float upon the air; foot-steps left upon the sand, the waters have long been wearing away; but the prints revive, and we wander by the shore where we gathered flowers long ago. Years have swept noiselessly by; and we start when we remember that it is so long since they lay down to sleep; and we reproach ourselves to think that their images had so nearly faded away. Children as we were, we had cried, had they told us while living, that in a few months after they had gone we would laugh and be as gay as ever; that others would soon take their places, and we should only recall the loved and lost, as the revolving year and renewing seasons brought to mind the changes in our own lives. But the memories of youth are not forgotten. In the Battle of Life, what wearied ones drop by the way-side! — how do they fall, and are borne down by the squadrons as they roll on in the fight! Yet the valiant soldier, wielding his blade in earnest purpose, stays not for a parting look at the comrade who sinks in the ranks at his side; but when the conflict pauses, when the victory is won, by the watch-fire at night, stout hearts that know not fear, melt in sorrow; and as the trophies lie at the feet of the conquerors, they cry:

‘REMEMBRANCE saddening o’er each brow,  
How had the brave who fell exulted now!’

Let us hear from our friend again. - - - A LEARNED and eloquent divine of a neighboring city, once visited New-Haven, on some public college-occasion, where he delivered an admirable address which he had been invited to prepare. Having finished it, the crowded meeting gradually dispersed, and he walked down the broad-aisle almost alone, not a little fatigued, and prodigiously in want of a dinner. But no one seemed to think of *that*; until a distinguished ‘professor’ approached him, and asked him if he would not accompany him home, and take — a cup of tea! This was bad enough; but a New-Hampshire correspondent somewhat ‘improves’ upon it: ‘Our worthy Doctor of Divinity once invited the seminary students to tea — so they at least understood it. Accordingly, their best clothes were put on, and their usual tea-tables vacated. They at length reached the house, entered, and were seated in the parlor. The usual amount of original statements in regard to the weather followed, and things went smoothly on till the ‘claims of Hungry’ manifested themselves, by an ominous stoppage of the ‘flow of soul.’ Dr. W — at length broke silence: ‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘I have called you together to consult you as to the best means of *promoting piety in the Institution.*’ Such faces! ‘Sech wo!’ At last, one of their number ventured to suggest, as the best means that occurred to him, the appointment of a ‘season of fasting!’ The gentleman who made this suggestion, in his own ‘settled’ life, was asked to read the notice of a lecture by Miss S —. He stretched out his hands, pronounced the benediction; then, catching up the piece of paper, said he had forgotten to read the following notice: ‘At half-past six to-night, at the school-

house in the first district, *a hen will attempt to crow!*' He never had any more such notices. One more ecclesiastical anecdote. When Bishop S—— was settled at P——, (Maine,) a lady was in his church at the communion-service, and saw the bread and wine covered with a cloth, on which was wrought 'I. H. S.' 'I. H. S.?' said she, 'what does the *I* stand for? I did n't know that Mr. S—— had any name beside *Horatio!*' - - - A PARTY of our friends stopped one day, a year or two ago, at 'BARKIS'S Hotel,' somewhere 'out west,' and asked him to get them some dinner. 'BARKIS was willing,' and spread before them the following bill of fare; various, 'that the tastes of desultory man, studious of change, and pleased with novelty, might be indulged:'

Barkis' Hotel.			
BILL OF FARE.			
THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1851.			
ROASTED.			
Fig,	Pork,	Ham,	Hog.
BOILED			
Ham,	Eggs,	Ham and Eggs.	Ham.
BAKED.			
Beans,	Pork and Beans,	Bread,	Biscuit.
COLD DISHES.			
BOILED—Ham,		ROAST—Swine,	
" Pork,		" Pig,	
" Pig,		" Pork,	
" Swine.		" Ham.	
COOKED—Animals,		BAKED—Pig,	
" Injun,		" Ham,	
" Pies,		" Pork,	
" Cake,		" Swine,	
" Biscuit.		" Hog,	
" Beans		" Beans,	
PASTRY, ETC.			
PIE—Mince,		CAKE—Fruit,	
" Berry,		" Sponge,	
" Apple,		" Cymbals.	
APPLES AND CHEESE.			
LIQUORS.			
Jamaica Rum,		Paie Brandy,	
Monongaheel,		Dark do.	
McGuckin Gin,		Whisky Bill.	

One of our friends tells us that he ate so heartily of some of the earlier dishes, that he had little appetite for the cold 'courses!' - - - 'Oh! that it had pleased PROVIDENCE to give us 'much moneys' in a long purse!' was our inward 'exclamation,' after a visit to *Doughty's Pictures of the Four Sea-*

sons,' at the ever-attractive establishment of Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS, in Broadway. Never has this fine artist done better justice to his reputation. What a 'rich and mellow fruitfulness' there is in his 'Autumn!' and his 'Winter' makes you actually shiver with cold! 'Summer' is a gorgeous picture; and our only objection to the two pictures of 'Spring' and 'Summer' is, that there seems to be hardly sufficient *difference* between them. But what of that? Both are beautiful, and both painted from Nature, at the seasons represented. - - - 'HERE they are again,' the LITTLE FOLK — and a hearty Christmas-welcome to them all! 'The more, the merrier!' If we cannot provide for them all at *one* time, we will endeavor to do it at another. By the bye, it has been well said by one who read the thoughts and open hearts of children as one reads a book, that 'grown persons are apt to put a lower estimate than is just on the understandings of children. They rate them by what they know, and children *know* very little. But their capacity of comprehension is great. Hence the continual wonder of those who are unaccustomed to them, at 'the old-fashioned ways' of some lone little one who has no play-fellows, and at the odd mixture of folly and wisdom in its sayings. A continual battle goes on in a child's mind, between what it knows and what it comprehends. Its answers are foolish from partial ignorance, and wise from extreme quickness of apprehension.' The great art of education is so to train this last faculty, as neither to depress nor over-exert it. But 'let the children come in,' now:

'A LADY one day observed her little boy of some six summers, who was playing in the garden, showing signs of anger: she said nothing, but he soon came in, and approaching her, said:

'Ma, do the phrenologists say we have a swearing-bump in our heads?'

'His mother told him she did not know of any; when the little fellow remarked that his head felt very queer, and he came near swearing: and he added:

'Grand-pa has got a large bump on his head, and he swears awfully sometimes!'

'A LITTLE girl had a beautiful head of hair, which hung in 'clustering curls' down in her neck. One hot summer day, she went up-stairs, and cut all the curls off. Coming down, she met her mother, who exclaimed, with surprise:

'Why, MARY! what have you been doing to your hair?'

'To which she responded, that 'she had cut it off and laid it away in her box, but that she intended to put it on again to-morrow, as Aunt NANCY did!'

'WHAT do you learn at school?' said I to my little boy, four years of age.

'Reading and spelling, Papa, if you please.'

'And what do the other boys learn?'

'Oh! 'rithmetic, and 'gography, and *Velocipede*.'

'What? velocipede?'

'Yes, papa; but not about wooden horses, but about other things.'

'Now, what do you suppose he meant? — *Philosophy*!'

'Papa!' said the same little urchin to me, when he was but three years old, and had just begun to catch the phrases of older children — it was 'the pensive hour of twilight, and drawing near his bed-time — 'Papa, will you make a prayer for me, before I go to bed?'

'Yes, my darling, if you wish it; but why not let your mamma say your prayers for you, as she does on other nights?'

'O, papa, I don't want you to say those prayers: 'Our FATHER,' 'Now I lay me'; but pray yourself: *make* a prayer to God for me!'

'So I put up, with all my heart, a serious petition to his *Heavenly FATHER*, for my little son.

'He listened attentively, and, as it seemed, most seriously; but, just as I concluded, he exclaimed, with eyes sparkling with mirth:

"Good, papa! good! Now pray again—pray again! *Go it!*"

'WHEN I was in London,' writes an esteemed and popular correspondent, 'I became much interested in a little Quaker boy, a child of remarkable intellect, but of a peculiar, quaint simplicity, as delicious as indescribable. His queer, *deep* sayings used now to convulse me with laughter, now melt me to tears. One of the anecdotes told me by his father is brief enough to relate here, and may amuse you. When CHARLIE was about four years of age, his grand-mother died. She was a stately and elegant woman; the very type of an English Quaker-lady. CHARLIE had always been accustomed to see her in rich silks, golden browns or silvery greys, with kerchiefs of costly muslin, and the most *recherché* of lisse caps; and when he came to see her in her bed-dress, he eyed her with more curiosity than sorrow. The good old lady took his hand, and said, solemnly:

"Grand-mamma must bid little CHARLIE good-bye, for she is going away to Heaven, and will never see him any more in this world."

'CHARLIE, in return, gave her a look of simple astonishment, and exclaimed:

"Why, Grand-mamma, thou art not going up to see God, in that night-cap, art thou?"

'We remember an anecdote of one of the sweetest and most simple-hearted of all our little friends. Sitting on a foot-stool at her mother's side, she had been recounting her list of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, and the like. 'Now,' said she, 'I have got all the relations but one; I should like a *foot-mother*. I have n't got any, have I, Mother!'

'It was the sad fate of this sweet child, in after years, to perish in that compound of calamity and infatuation which the law decides to be no crime—the burning of the HENRY CLAY. She passed from among us, radiant in youth and goodness, leaving four little children, one an infant, to prove the tender mercies of those that may come after.'

'It often happens in Vermont, that the very tops of our Green Mountains are dotted with little villages, affording a very pleasant retreat from the sultry heats of summer, and a secure refuge from all dog-day epidemics. But if in summer these mountains are pleasant, and not inaptly termed 'Green,' from November till May they are blue enough, and bleak enough. Here, storm after storm accumulates, bedded on older storms, until you might fancy NATURE wrapped in her last winding-sheet, did not the pointed crests of evergreen remain to tell that, though cold and stiff in its wintry shroud, the heart of the Green Hills yet throbs beneath.

'One peculiarity of these snows is their extreme lightness; being hardened by frost till they are as movable as the sun-dried sands of Libya. Here, then, the winds, howling as only hill-top winds can howl, delight to hold wild dalliance with these silent seas of ever-shifting snow. Valleys are unceremoniously exalted, and hills brought low; fences are covered, the roads turned out of their courses; or, again, your windows are darkened, or your doors barricaded by some huge drift; till '*shovelling out*' becomes a term of significant import, and is an operation only exceeded in difficulty by that of 'turning out,' if you venture abroad with a heavy team.

'It was in such an uncongenial clime, rendered less genial even, to the in-door world, by the December employment of butchering, that our pet NANNY presented herself to her father, with an aggrieved look, as if suffering from some recent injustice.

'Would n't you like to get away from these troubles,' said the father; 'would n't you like to go to Heaven, where there is no trouble?'

'Yes,' said NANNY; 'I would go in a minute, if TOMMY HENNEY would shovel me a path!'

'The thought seemed to us quite natural; for, in such a climate, we could hardly help thinking ourselves, the way to Heaven must need '*shovelling out*.'

'A LITTLE son, an only son have we:  
God bless the lad, and keep him night and day,  
And lead him softly o'er this stormy way.'

'Some of his notions would seem to be original enough for farther mention between ourselves and your readers, confidentially. He is just old enough to appreciate boots, and imbibe elementary principles of theology at his mother's knee. One Saturday evening, not long since, the arrival of a long-promised pair of new boots, fresh from the shop, made him particularly happy, that night, in his dreams, and next day, in his waking hours. On a Sabbath evening, he went up to the nursery, with his mother, to go to bed; and as he sat in his little chair, with one boot on, and the other in his hand, he saw her get her bonnet and shawl.

'Where are you going, Mamma?'

'I'm going to church.'

'What you go to church for?'

'To worship God.'

'Is God in the church?'

'Yes, God is every where, and sees every thing.'

'God see me?'

'Yes.'

'See my new boots?'

'Some years ago, when the present Clerk of the House at Washington was domiciled in the Quaker City, his young son, a lad of some six years, happened to be at his father's office one morning, when the 'hatless prophet,' GEORGE MUNDY, made his appearance, and getting into conversation with the child, the latter asked him, in the course of their chat:

'Why do n't you wear a hat, Mr. MUNDY?'

'Oh!' answered the prophet, 'because there is no use in it: God's creatures are not so furnished: sheep, and other animals, do n't wear hats.'

'Quick as lightning, came the child's philosophic and clinching response:

'Are you a sheep, Mr. Mundy?'

'CALLING, the other day, on a couple of friends, after an interval of several years, I found them in the happy possession of an only daughter, a fairy little elf, of only two years and two months' sojourn in this breathing world, but sprightly and observing, with rather more of wide-awake brain than justly belonged to her petite frame, and a precise, deliberate, musical enunciation, that added greatly to the piquancy of her childish prattle. I took her on my lap on her knees, facing me, and had an entertaining chat of some minutes, when she suddenly looked me steadily in the face, and in a moment exclaimed: '*Mis-ter John-son! you got babies in your eyes!*' — a remark that took her parents as much by surprise as it did me; for I did not expect such a discovery to be made, nor TOM MOORE's poetry to be quoted, by a child of her age.'

'A young lad in one of the 'Dutch' districts of the Key-stone State, had progressed with his 'eddykation,' under the guidance of a Yankee school-master, as far as words of five letters. While under drill, one day, he came upon the word 'pipe.'

'What does that spell?' said the Dominie.

'Could n't tell.'

'Try it again.'

'P-i-p-e.' Still, he could n't pronounce it.

'What do people smoke with?' said the master.

'The boy made no answer, but, with a brightened countenance, commenced once more:

'P-i-p-e — cigar!'

'My little cousin, between three and four, seated on the floor of the parlor, was very quiet by himself, while his mother was enjoying a call from an esteemed friend. The friend had the misfortune to be cross-eyed. When she retired, FRANK stepped to his mother, and asked, with eyes distended:

'What ails her eyes?'

'They were always so.'

'How came they to be always so?'

'God made them so.'

'After a brown study, FRED said:

'Well, I don't see what God *made* 'em so for: what did he make them so *for*, mother?'

'I once asked my little Sabbath-school class:

'What became of Lot's wife?'

'One little boy of six years, quicker than the rest, sang out:

'She turned into a *bag of salt*!'

My 'two-year-and-a-half' is considered 'some' in these parts, and never speaks without saying something. A short time since, his cousin from the country came to pay him a visit, the first he had received from him. Our cook has also a 'two-year-and-a-half'—so black that you can't see him after sun-down—who rejoices in the cognomen of 'Tom.' And DICK has an insuperable dislike for the aforesaid Tom. During the cousin's visit, we were endeavoring to explain to him the cousinly relation, and called his attention to the color of his eyes and hair, and his purely white complexion; to all of which he listened patiently, and for a moment hung down his head, as if endeavoring to comprehend what had been told him. Soon, however, he raised his bright blue eyes, beaming with great intelligence, and asked:

'Then ain't Tom cousin to the DEVIL?—they be's the same color!'

'Please tell your last-month correspondent to send on 'that hat!'

A LITTLE girl, of three and a half years, not long since, in the middle of a moon-lit night, awoke her mother, who was sleeping with her, very carefully, and bade her look upon the floor, saying, at the same time, in the sweetest voice imaginable:

'See there, Ma, the moon is *smiling on the carpet*!'

'Some of ALEXANDER SMITH's moons are not prettier, or pleasanter.

A dear little boy 'we wot of,' when about three years old, was very much impressed with the solemnity of a preacher, and his talk and prayers. He was one day found in the parlor, every chair in the room turned down upon its face, in regular order, with one in the middle, representing the preacher; and when asked the meaning of it, said he was '*making the chairs pray*!'

OUR 'DEL,' a fair-haired prattler of some two summers, on a recent visit to 'town,' saw, for the first time in her life, some young 'colored folks' at play. She expressed a wish to join them, and left us, but speedily returned, exclaiming:

'I won't play with the little girls, for they all got *dirty faces*!'

At the close of a lecture the other evening, as the lecturer was threading his way out of church, he received the following very flattering compliment from his own youngster, a hopeful 'four-year-old:'

'Say, Pa, was n't that a first-rate lecture?'

THE following 'suckmstance,' as YELLOWPLUSH would say, occurred here a few days since. We have many turkeys and chickens about the premises. Several persons were sitting in the bar-room talking about the *Turks* and *Russians* fighting. A little boy, living near by, had been listening attentively. He ran home to his mother, exclaiming:

'Ma! Ma! the *Turkeys* and *Roosters* are fighting over to Mr. HYDE's!'

A LITTLE girl, of three years, on being taken to church for the first time, was asked, on her return, what she had seen, and replied:

'I see Dod with a night-gown on!'

The same little darling, desiring some tomatoes at table, which she had heard pronounced '*Tommy-toes*,' in sport, being puzzled to remember the name, said she wanted some '*Tommy-Footies*.'

Your 'little folk' amuse us much. They raise smart 'wee things' in our own Forest City. The Caravan was coming through our streets last summer, while a little boy of four years, with his mother, stood upon the side-walk looking at the show. The little fellow looked up in his mother's face and said:

'Oh, Mother! mother! *the elephant has got boots on*!'

'Now I remember thinking, when a child, that the elephant wore very coarse cow-hide boots, and that leather-aprons were made out of his ears! These, and the marvel of a man in the brass-band, drawing a couple of bright rods out of a short horn, and then running them back into his throat again, were the most wonderful attractions of 'My First Menagerie!'

'THE feature introduced in your Magazine, giving infantile gossip, has afforded me much gratification and interest. The artless simplicity of childhood is there so graphically delineated, and is so productive of beneficial results, that I am constrained to give you a small item of 'childish prattle:'

'Little HARRY, a boy of some four years, like most children, possessed a sportive temperament, and was very desirous of being in the street. On a very cold and windy day in December, the little fellow was exceedingly anxious to go into the street 'to play.' I told him the weather was too cold, and that he would freeze. He looked me boldly in the face and said:

'It's not cold *here*, father!'

'I explained to him the effect a heated stove produced upon the temperature of a room; and after a few moments of deliberation, in which he seemed struggling with some unmanageable problem, he quietly looked up, with a smile on his lips, and asked:

'Father, *why don't God place stoves in the streets, to keep them warm?*'

'A LITTLE girl, who had accompanied her mother to a place of worship where the officiating 'divine' was in the habit of 'talking forcibly' to the sinners, to an extent which unconverted 'out-siders' considered as sometimes almost bordering upon profanity, exclaimed, on her return:

'Mamma, I do n't like Mr. F —.'

'Why, my dear?' replied her mother, anxious to know the cause of such an expression of childish opinion.

'*Because he talks saucy to God!*'

'It struck me that there was a great deal of truthful meaning in that remark.'

'I HAVE a little 'three-year-old' girl, as amusing a creature as one need wish to see; a great mimic of every body, and especially of me, when in the act of shaving. At such times, my face all nicely lathered, she invariably comes up to me and exclaims:

'Kiss me! kiss me!'

'Sometimes I make the attempt, but the little imp hastens away with a boisterous laugh, which fairly makes the house ring. The other day, just after shaving my upper lip, leaving, as is my wont, the rest of my phiz in a 'state of nature,' I said to her, pointing to the wide margin of whiskers which adorns my face:

'MINNIE, what are these?'

'She looked at me for a few seconds without saying a single word, but at length, with the greatest seriousness, answered:

'Why, they are *shavings*, Papa!'

'I WAS one day at the house of a friend, and while we were sitting at the dinner-table, I observed one of his little boys looking thoughtfully at some letters on the bottom of his plate, which happened, at the time, to be up-side downward. In a moment, he raised up his head and exclaimed:

'Father, what makes some people always read this (pointing to the letters) on the bottom of their plates when they go to eat?'

'He had seen some of his father's neighbors 'saying grace' before eating, and supposed they were reading something on the bottom of their plates.

'One more: I happened in a school-room one day, while a class of very small boys and girls were reciting a lesson in arithmetic. It was about their first lesson.

'Five from five leaves how many?' asked the teacher, of a little girl of some 'six years of old.' After a moment's reflection, she answered:

'Five.'

'How do you make that out?' said the teacher.

'Holding her little hands out toward him, she said:



‘Here are five fingers on my right hand, and here are five on the other. Now, if I take the five fingers on my left hand away from the five on my right hand, won't five remain?’

‘The teacher was, as we say in this region, ‘stumped,’ and was obliged to ‘knock under.’

‘LITTLE BEN, four years old, is the only child of Captain T —, a well-known Boston ship-master. The Captain recently arrived from India; and one evening, soon after his arrival, it happened that the Whigs of the town were celebrating the recent victory of their party in Massachusetts, in the usual way, with cannon, rockets, etc. Captain T — went down into the village ‘to see the fun,’ leaving little BEN at the window with his mother, watching the rockets. Soon after his father's departure, the boy became suddenly very serious, and said:

‘Mother, I am afraid.’

‘Afraid of what?’ inquired his mother.

‘Why,’ he replied, ‘I am afraid the guns will shoot my father; and I think the rockets will burn my Heavenly Father, they go up so high!’

‘THAT was rather a ‘fast’ specimen of juvenile ‘Young America,’ not yet inducted into trousers, who said one day, recently, to his father:

‘Father, come and get me this apple.’

‘There being no immediate signs of compliance, the young ‘chip’ exclaimed:

‘Father, why don't you start! I always start when you tell me!’

‘KNOWING that you have an especial fondness for the originalities and comicalities of children, I send you this little incident for your ‘Table.’ It struck me as one of the most unique explanations of electrical phenomena I had ever heard. A little girl, the idol of a friend of ours, was sitting by the window, one evening, during a violent thunder-storm, apparently striving to grapple some proposition too strong for her childish mind. Presently, however, a smile of triumph lit up her features as she exclaimed:

‘Oh! I know what makes the lightning: it's God *lighting his lamps and throwing the matches down here!*’

‘Lighting the lamps of Heaven to ‘shine by night,’ and throwing the lightning-‘matches’ down through the ‘awful void!’

‘A boy was going along the street carrying a pitcher of milk, when presently he stumbled, and smash went the pitcher, and away ran the milk. Another boy, across the way, saw the accident, and shouted:

‘Oh! won't you catch it when you go home! — your mother'll give it to you

‘No, she won't neither!’ screamed the other; ‘my mother always says, ‘Never cry for spilled milk!’

‘A LADY-friend of mine was, a few evenings ago, entertaining our little one with some fancy tale, a bright, jolly boy, of about four years old, with a special fondness for pictures and stories, and a ‘realizing sense,’ such as only children have. In passionate glee he listened to the end, when he suddenly broke forth:

‘Mother, was I born then?’

‘No, my dear.’

‘Well, I wish God had made me quicker, so I might have been there!’

‘Here, may it please the court, we ‘rest.’ - - - ‘*The Pictorial Times*,’ to be published by Mr. ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, Number Seventeen, Spruce-street, will be a work of which even the country itself may be proud. We have seen some of the illustrations, which are superb; and in both its literary and artistical departments, it will have the benefit of much of the first talent in America. We shall have more to say of this exceedingly well-conceived enterprise hereafter. - - - It has been said, and by a ‘strong-minded woman,’ too, that ‘no humanity is repulsive.’ Perhaps not; but we should like to have

her see a 'colored person' whom we encountered the other day in Canal-street. He was deformed in person, with an ungainly limp and a sliding shuffle in his walk. His face was a miracle of ugliness. He was horribly pitted with the small-pox, and wore a pair of green goggles. A dirty piece of once-white cloth dangled, like a pocket-handkerchief, from a hole in his pantaloons, and his *very* old and tattered coat had but one sleeve. He was not 'an ornament to society'; and we must say, although 'human,' he *was* 'repulsive' to a degree not often witnessed. - - - HERE is a lively picture in verse of San Francisco, for which we are indebted to a new correspondent in that wonderful city. The measure will remind the reader of SAXE's '*Riding on a Rail*.'

## SAN FRANCISCO.

'City full of people  
In a business flurry;  
Every body's motto,  
'Hurry! hurry! hurry!'  
Every nook and corner  
Filled to overflowing;  
Like a locomotive,  
Every body going!

'Every body active;  
Fogyism dead;  
All are 'young Americans,'  
Bound to 'go ahead!'  
Dry or rainy season,  
Cloudy day or sunny,  
Citizens all driving  
Bargains to make money!

'Englishmen and French,  
Germans, Dutch, and Danish,  
Chattering Chinese,  
Portuguese and Spanish;  
Men of every nation;  
Birds of every feather;  
Honest men and rogues  
Hustled up together.

'Heavy wholesale merchant  
Hurries on so fast,  
Evidently thinks  
Every hour his last;  
Dapper little Frenchman  
Makes a running bow;  
Calculating Yankee  
Cannot stop just now.

'Fashionable saloon,  
Liquors and ice-cream,  
Gentlemen engaged  
Getting up the steam;  
Customers in black  
Looking very blue,  
Evidently soon  
Will 'collapse a flue!'

'San Francisco, October, 1853.'

'Member of the bar  
In a 'case' of liquor,  
Clearly makes it out  
As his voice grows thicker;  
Gentlemanly gambler,  
Wealthy city-broker,  
Taking 'brandy smashers'  
And a game of poker.

'Steamers leave to-day  
For Atlantic States;  
Great excitement raises  
By *reducing* rates;  
Miners in red shirts  
Shooting home like rockets,  
'Slugs' and bags of 'dust'  
Lining ragged pockets!

'On the opposition  
Nicaragua Transit,  
Passengers so crowded  
Scarcely can a man sit;  
Regular mail-steamer  
With the great through-mail,  
Via Panama,  
Goes through without fail.

'Wharves choked up with mortals  
Close as they can hustle,  
Jamming one another  
In a business bustle:  
Friends shed parting tears;  
Hack and drayman swear,  
Thinking more of cab  
Than of friends' well-fare.

'City of the West,  
Built up in a minute,  
Hurry and excitement  
Moving all within it;  
Like steam-locomotives  
Citizens all going;  
City in a hurry,  
Filled to overflowing! J. SMITH.

WE beg to say again, and once for all, that we *cannot* return all manuscripts which we do n't accept, nor have we time to answer letters concerning them. When we are preparing our 'Table,' and five compositors, hungry for 'copy,' are 'after us with sharp 'sticks,' it is too much to expect that we can 'drop

our knitting,' and indite epistles to THOMAS, RICHARD, and HENRY. We 'can-ah not-ah *do it-ah!*' - - - WE have had the pleasure of examining a superb picture, representing a convention of the '*New-York Historical Society and its Guests*,' to whom the engraving is respectfully dedicated by the artists who prepared it. It contains *fifty portraits* of eminent lawyers, physicians, poets, statesmen, divines, etc., all (with two exceptions) taken from life, by J. GOLLMAN. The work has been advancing slowly and expensively for nearly three years, in the hands of the designer and engraver, and is now admirably completed. The size of the picture is twenty-two by thirty inches; the price twenty dollars for the proofs, and ten dollars for the copies. It will very soon be issued to the public. - - - THE following pleasant epistle, from a western friend, involves pregnant satire as well as fun:

'ONE sometimes picks up a good thing from the clerical order, in which I have found about as much fun and waggery as we see among other people. Ministers, by many, are supposed to lead a very quiet, easy sort of life, somewhat akin to the 'good time' experienced by a 'gentleman of African extraction,' who used to display his grinning combination of ivory and ebony about the streets of Indianapolis.

'How old are you, SAM?' said a gentleman.

'Twenty-five, Massa,' was the reply: 'but ef you counts by de fun I's seen, jest call me seventy-five.'

'A friend says he has his annoyances, and tells of one on this wise: After an absence from home, he found so much accumulated on his hands, that when Saturday afternoon warned him of the labors of the following day, he was without any 'note of preparation' for the pulpit. He seated himself at his table, nervous and tired, opened his books, and tried to force his mind into the harness. Hardly settled, a voice was heard at his gate. Down went pen, concordance, and lexicon, and the parson walked out. His customer was a greasy-looking fellow, known in the community by the graceful name of 'BUTTERNUT'—a man who rarely darkened the doors of the minister's church. In fact, he belonged to a 'come-outer' organization that denounced E——'s Church as 'a brotherhood of thieves.' His errand was two-fold: first, to request the minister to publish an appointment for a come-out proclaimer, whose special errand was to abuse the Church; second, to obtain the use of the church-edifice, where E—— officiated, for a FEMALE PREACHER—a Rev. Miss WATT, who had reached the Indian-summer of life; was 'fat and forty,' and with a voice like 'rolled syllables of mid-night thunder.' (A trifling alteration would have made her a first-rate swine-driver.) BUTTERNUT, his 'mission' accomplished, went on his way; while E——, tired and provoked, went to bed. Sabbath came, and he renewed his efforts to 'prepare.' The text was selected; *firstly* was arranged; and *secondly* was under way, when a buggy appeared at the gate, and his visitor of the night before—'BUTTERNUT'—came to the door and remarked that a brother-minister was in the buggy, and wished to see him. Out went the parson, when a nondescript specimen of the *genus homo* sprang out, and began the relation of his 'experience.' He had, until three months ago, been a *hard case*, a very *hard case*; in fact, one of the *hardest kind*, (spoken with much complacency.) But he had fallen in with 'Uncle Tox's Cabin,' and the reading of it had 'convicted him desputly.' 'New light' was given him, and he was convinced he had a great work to do. He was, therefore, now travelling around 'examining the churches' and 'instructing them.' He 'sposed there would be a chance to speak here to-day; ef so, he would stop; ef not, he would go on.

'E—— modestly hinted *he* was under special obligations to preach on that day.

'No difference,' said the nondescript; 'do n't make a particle of odds, ef I can only hev the privilege of follerin'.'

'It was suggested that exhortations were not common on Sunday mornings.

'That's true, as a general rule; but this is a *special case*.'

'E—— was cornered, and demanded the traveller's credentials.

'License, do you mean?' asked Nondescript.

'Yes, Sir; I ask no man into my pulpit who has not clear papers.'

'Non: 'Oh yes, that's right, ginerally; but you know this is a special case; and the *postle* he had n't no need of letters of commendation.'

'E: 'You and St. PAUL are different persons, most decidedly; unless you have the documents, you can't be recognized.'

'Non: 'But, Sir, you ought to know there *is* special cases. My call is n't from men. I should think you could tell by talking to a man whether he had the sperit in him.'

'E: 'So I can *sometimes*, with the help of my nose. But I can waste no more time. Unless you have proper vouchers, you can travel.'

'At this rebuff, the burdened soul slowly and reluctantly employed his dirty hands in gathering up the lines, and, asking the way to Hamilton, drove off. As the rumbling of the wheels, and the clatter of 'BUTTERNUT'S' boots died away in the distance, E — again entered his study, and vainly strove to gather up his scattered thoughts. They were effectually distributed in a most miscellaneous manner, and refused to subside into any thing like order, when the church-bell rang, and the sermon had to be served up, cooked or uncooked. E — went through, and in his afternoon siesta, amidst all the horrors of nightmare, dreamed that a man in an unclean shirt, and wearing a 'shocking bad hat,' was trying to drive a bald-faced horse and covered buggy right through the pulpit.'

'I LAUGHED somewhat, a few days ago, at the reply of a fellow who had long been familiar with 'building materials,' to a zealous temperance man who was exhorting him to quit drink.

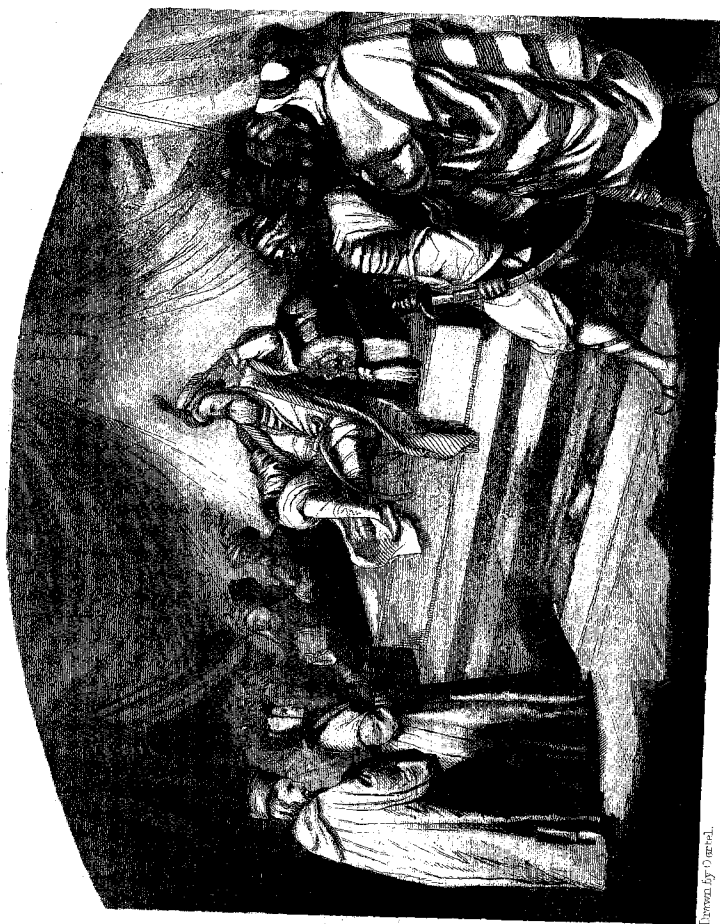
'It's no use, CHARLEY; it's no use. I shall keep on drinkin' till me or whiskey is a corpse!'

He was the first 'corpse.' - - - WE 'acknowledge the corn.' Nothing raised at 'Old KNICK Place,' much as we 'crowed' concerning it, can for a moment compare with some 'Farley Corn' sent us by an obliging friend and correspondent from the town of Salem, Roanoke county, Virginia. Such ponderous ears! — and after all, 'not fully up to the mark, the summer having been very dry!' Friends who 'behave themselves' shall have some of the 'FARLEY corn' to plant. - - - AN annoying influenza deprived us of the pleasure of attending the *Ball of the 'Bininger Guards'* at NIBLO'S, on the evening of the twenty-second. A friend who was present, informs us that this fine company was honored by the presence of as many lovely women as the most ardent bachelor could desire to see; and the entire entertainment was most admirably managed. - - - Six pages of 'Gossip,' and four of 'Notices of New Publications,' are *unavoidably* driven over to our next issue. This delay, we may now assume, will not again occur. The first number of a new volume is always a crowded one.

#### Story of John Biggs.

THE first chapter of Mr. IRVING'S New Story, 'JOHN BIGGS,' commenced in our December number, has received marked attention from our editorial brethren in every direction. Our readers will find the Author of '*The Attorney*' and '*Harry Harson*' has lost none of the force and spirit displayed in those popular works. Four thousand copies of '*The Attorney*' have been sold, and the demand for the book still continues.





Engraved by C. G. S. & Kimmel.

Drawn by G. S.

*Mary Fisher, before the Sultan Mohammed: IV.*





